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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Retrospect

THE literary season just ending has been short in achievement but long in diversion and surprise.

A play closely imitating in its dramatic structure the old-fashioned "histories" of Shakespeare, and pungent with ideas upon war and the United States army which would have jailed the authors in 1919, has had a triumphant run. The success of "What Price Glory" was not due to its profanity, nor to the shocks to super partiots which it liberally distributed; it was not due to plot, for the play had none; it was not due to war interest, for that has notoriously been a bad investment for producers and publishers. "What Price Glory" succeeded because in it life boiled over into the raciest dialogue ever heard on the American stage. Text books say that dialogue can never make a drama successful on the stage. Talk made this one.

Another play, Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," after being approved by the intellectuals, was harried by censorship, and passed on to success as an honest but daring presentation of the real New England of sin and inhibition. "Desire Under the Elms" is about as representative of New England as a gasoline filling station on the Boston post road. Its characters are European peasants, intensely expressive, who remark that the sunset is "purty" to indicate that puritanism has inhibited them, and then give utterance to every emotion, animal, spiritual, vegetable, that animates their rather unpleasant souls. The best parts of the play are the seduction scenes for which censors would have condemned it. These are done with strength, restraint, and honesty. The conclusion is melodrama, and "Desire to Imitate Hauptmann" would be a just title for the whole. It is stagey, interesting melodrama to which literary aspirants have crowded in order to see New England exposed and truth unveiled.

An original and moving novel, "The Constant Nymph," came out of the void from an unknown author and gave the reviewers a bad month. The publishers thought it was naughty and said so in vivacious advertisements. But it was not a naughty book of the sophisticated how-pleasant-to-be-wicked school of the moment. It was a touching tragedy, handled with a fine disregard of convention and made vivid by characters interesting not for their immorality but because, unlike the people around them, their love of music gave them an inexorable ethics of their own. Fortunately, by this time the general reader has read "The Constant Nymph" as well as the highly diverse opinions of its critics.

Mr. Michael Arlen, having studied the success of Mr. Aldous Huxley in mixing sex and intellectualism, decided that bootleg literature could be made more saleable by adding a few ingredients. He kept the sophisticated libertinism, duplicated the wit, then brightened the mixture with a strong dash of social snobbery. The flavor in "These Charming People" was still too rare for the populace, so in "The Green Hat" he increased the sex to make sure of a "kick" and then dosed with sentiment, going back to Ouida and other back stairs writers for the proper note of erring beauty in distress. To create a heroine who was naughty and blasé and witty and wastefully rich, and at the same time noble and honorable and proud in misfortune—that *was* an achievement to make stock promoters and Florida realtors jealous. Mr. Arlen should be awarded the Barnum medal of brass.

Other incidents of this lean but juicy season have been the first faint signs of the revival of historical romance in "Drums"; the capture of Mr. Mencken and his *Mercury* by his old enemies, the college professors; the collapse of *vers libre* when it was discovered that much good prose was being spoiled to make bad poetry; the distressing plight of the vendors of indecency who learned at the presentation of Congreve's "Love for Love" that they were children in the game, and vulgar children too; and finally the long expected disappearance of the younger generation, who have turned wiseacre, dogmatic, and conservationist. The young in 1925 are all either under twenty or over forty.

Conrad's "Suspense"

BEGINNING next week, and continuing until September, the *Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last novel, "Suspense." This was the tale that filled Conrad's mind in his last days; he had written about 80,000 words when he died. Among those who have read the manuscript there is an interesting disagreement as to exactly how the author intended to finish the story. As has already been announced, this magazine will invite readers to join in the argument after "Suspense" has been printed here. The novel breaks off in a passage which is strangely and even thrillingly significant when considered as the last public words from Conrad's hand.

"Suspense," though unfinished, will stand as one of the most vivid and shadowy tapestries from the hand of this great weaver. It returns to the Mediterranean scene and the Napoleonic epoch that strongly occupied the author's imagination in his last inland days. Forms and suggestions never quite brought into the scene stir and shift thrillingly in the story; and in its foreboding paragraphs the sensitive reader will surely discern some of those overtones of human destiny that Conrad was always eloquent to echo. This, from over the horizon, is the last word of the great romancer. The silence that follows a well-loved voice is always charged with special meanings.

This Week

"Punch and Judy." Reviewed by *John Peale Bishop.*

"The Crazy Fool." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Helen." Reviewed by *Naomi Mitchison.*

"Seventy Years of Life and Labor." Reviewed by *Winthrop D. Lane.*

"The English Speaking Nations." Reviewed by the late *George Burton Adams.*

Next Week, or Later

On Poetry. By *Clemence Dane.*

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Nocturne in a Library

(The Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Poem)

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

BOOKS on the tables—books along each wall—
Books in proud bindings—torn books in a heap—
Some books content with century-hallowed sleep,
And others that on quiet midnights call
Until they wake me from my dreams, and hale
Me shivering down to listen to their story,
While stars go by in unregarded glory,
And dawn comes up, cold and estranged and pale. . . .
O long-time friends! What other power than you
Can nourish our old passion?—hold us true
To the young faith which once our hearts avowed?
When in the solitude of the evening light
We keep your quiet vigil with the night,
You bring the sun. The day brings back a cloud.

Here where the lamplit room's book-guarded space
Is all the world, and not an alien breath
Enters to this small citadel,—this vast place
Where dead men's voices break the hush of death,—
Here through the night-hours I turn well-loved pages
That in my youth seemed eloquent of a plan
Divined by eager poets, confident sages,
Of the great destiny and high worth of man.
Still the tall spires of their heroic vision
Rise clear before me, as they did of old.
And yet a savage laughter of derision
Jangles now in my heart. The night grows cold.
Soon the first pallor will tremble in the sky—
And then, I know, these midnight dreams will die.

Like the recurrence of an old despair,
Dawn soon will turn the windows slowly grey.
Yesterday whirled our hopes like leaves in the air;
Now comes the chill wind of another day.
Yesterday whirled us in the tempest-boast
Of wars that saved a world for liberty:
Today dawns tragic, now that we have lost
Even our faith we had an enemy.
Today looks in through the blank window-pane
Upon the dreaming dupes that late we were,
And whispers—"What the world endured, was vain;
In vain the high hearts found their sepulchre
By a certain river, or in a certain wood.
I rise, a new day, flushed with future blood!"

Cruel and evil and aloof and cold
This dawn confronts us. For the secret breath
Of war-lords like the ones we knew of old
Today, in council, still are whispering death.
Again they weave their intricacies of hate
Which, on some other dawn, inevitably
Shall be the arbiters of the young men's fate—
Shall be the swift tornado from the sky.
In every land is raised the old device
Of greed and terror, ignorance and hate.
That which we swore should never happen twice
Grows strong,—without our gate, within our gate.
And high-and-low and near-and-far conspire
To heap the rich fuel, and invoke the fire.

II

I will not look at this. . . . I will return
To my calm lamplight; and, as years ago,
Take down the sacred volumes—slowly turn
The nobly singing pages that I know:—

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Listen again while the young Shelley's voice
Speaks beautiful madness, better than our truth.
Upon his sunlit peaks, I will rejoice
In the unlimited eager hopes of youth.
Or I will watch the ghost of Goethe move
Through its vast dream-world, where is still a place
For liberal human hope, and generous love,
And the slow-gathering wisdoms of the race—
And live his golden days, and feel his trust
That life is more than wind whirling the dust.

III

Yet—I put down the volumes. . . . There is gone
The god that in these pages once we found.
Too swift, too pitiless has our fate whirled on
That we turn back to that once-holy ground.
No magic can restore, ever again,
The confident promise of those earlier years.
For we have seen the very sunlight wane,
And watched our world go down in blood and tears.
Towers of our spirit crumbled in their pride
When century-carved cathedrals fell in flame.
A hope of ours died where each soldier died;
And we endured all of each nation's shame—
Shame, for the race of which we were a part
That held such treachery in its secret heart.

And so, tonight, seeing the hopes that fail,
Seeing the brute that is a part of man,
I think that Galahad and his Holy Grail
Had best make way for some less gilded plan.
We, lewd and savage cousins of the ape,
May well cease boasting of our family tree,
And with a certain modesty try to shape
A dream more consonant with reality. . . .
—As a poor madman, guessing that his brain
Inherits some defect of fatal blood,
Accepts the curse of an accursed strain,
And halts, midway in his grandiloquent mood—
And for one honest hour, ceases to boast
His lordship of that forest where he is lost!

IV

We, the so-doubtful heroes of today—
We children of all irony, all despair,—
We proud explorers who have missed our way—
We, Icarus-brood hurled headlong through the air,—
For us, what guide and leader can suffice?
What champion or what prophet or what sage?
What herald of an Earthly Paradise?
What golden hero from the Golden Age? . . . .
Who—save the ancient, tattered, unhorsed knight—
The renowned windmill-warrior, sore and spent—
That luckless champion who in every fight
Proved his cause lost beyond all argument. . . .
Yes! deck the lean horse! Bring the rusty lance!—
And let Don Quixote ride forth toward romance!

See how he rides, that battered ancient shade—
(Our hero, or else hero have we none—)
Don Quixote, vanquished, and by fate betrayed,
The sorriest scarecrow underneath the sun:
Intent upon an adventure of no ending—
Passionate on a quest without a goal—
To the dull prose of tavern-keepers lending
The flaming poetry of his giddy soul—
Careering through a world that has no place
For the quaint chivalry that the legends told—
Seeing brass basins turn to helms of gold—
Finding the Virgin in the harlot's face:
The dupe of an archaic lying vision—
Time's fool. . . . the ages' jest . . . . the oaf's derision. . . .

See how he rides! Indomitable still,
With Roland's horn still echoing in his breast—
Spending the riches of his knightly will
On mirthful lords, and hussies sore-distressed—
And by an hundred unperceived defeats
Proving what his old heart will never learn.
The lesson each ironic day repeats
Is nothing to him; for his hopes still burn
High, steadfast, starry in the heavens ahead;
And giants must be slain, still, in the dark;
If chivalry from this grim world has fled,
He will lift up his pennon, as a mark
For every shaft of pitiless destiny,
Though laughter shake the earth and rock the sky.

O dauntless hero of the rusty mail!
You knew the appalling truth before you died—
Knew that your knighthood was of no avail,
And that the old romancers all had lied.
Yet shall your followers, to the farthest age,
Still saddle the lean horse and grasp the lance,
And seek your dusty highroads of romance,
And your vain wars against the giants wage.
For comedy is in our deepest blood;
We breathe frustration from the very air.
O great Don Quixote! Let your reckless mood
Still be our light, through midnights of despair—
That we, though knowing all that once you knew,
Hopeless and grim, adventure forth with you!

V

When all our troubled errantries are done,
And faiths and lures alike have lost their sway,
And but the subtle body, rotting alone,
Is left to prove the daring of our day;
And if we won, head-high, or if we lost
Is now no matter anywhere; and unswerved
The seasons roll, indifferent to the cost
Of pageantries we ruled or faiths we served—
Then of the passion whose attainment was
So serious business while we lived and sought,
Perhaps some faint and ghostly flush shall pass
Out of a vase or song or tower we wrought,
And rest one moment upon men as blind
As we were, bent on hopes we leave behind.

I trust the young—who, dreaming, shall awake
On sudden Springs and capture, fluttering by,
These gleams of memory—capture them, and make
Old lights to flicker on new wings that fly.
Then such a dreamer shall, in one, bear fruit
Of all that from our million Junes could live,—
From pulses quenched, lips even whose dust is mute,
Hopes whose so mighty part was fugitive.
He shall inherit us; and not yet come
Into the full enthrallment of his day,
Shall feel, within his bosom, stir the bloom
Of all our Springs, a thousand years away—
The moment's mirror of our final light
In infinite dust vanishing down the night.

So out of horrors that could break the heart,
Did the heart keep its bitterer memories,
There desperately survives some rarer part—
Old, meager consolations such as these.
And when the baffled spirit dares to brood
Alone with its own destiny face to face
It finds, in that grim midnight solitude,
Some ancient smouldering altar of the race.
With hard-won fuel we feed the little fire,
Shielding its hesitant flame against the blast—
We, heritors of an unfulfilled desire
That it burn brighter than in the somber past.
At midnight, by the ghostly flame, alone,
We pray,—beside that altar's blood-drenched stone.

A Gentleman and Journalist

PUNCH AND JUDY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By MAURICE BARING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PEALE BISHOP

THE battle of Waterloo was won, we are told, on the playgrounds of Eton: after a hundred years it appears that to no one were the results of that victory more disastrous than to the scholars of Eton. The French recovered from the Napoleonic dream, and, as is their custom, turned the long bitterness of the awakening to intellectual profit. To prove the point one need only cite the name of Stendhal. The English, on the other hand, proceeded after 1815 to cut themselves off from the continent; during the XIXth century very few ideas were imported and a far too many German princelings; and the result was, among other things, that that class to which one has a right to look at least for good taste and a mundane appreciation of the arts, that class whose males are all old Etonians, Harrovians, or Wykehamists, relapsed into a not very noble barbarianism. The English cannot be left alone; their instinct for civilization is too poor. And in the XIXth century the separation from the continent was more complete than it had been at any time since Chaucer.

The XVIIIth century English gentlemen may not always have crossed the channel for fine reasons; all the fashionables, we are told, flocked over to Paris to see Damien tortured for five hours before being dragged fragmentarily in four different directions by horses who left only his torso before the spectators. But at least they went abroad, and being abroad were not impervious to ideas. They had not yet acquired the conviction that it was up to them personally ("England expects every man to do his duty!") to see that the sun never set on the British Empire. And they were not, on their return, looked on askance if they happened to admit an admiration for, say, the writings of Voltaire.. Now, I am told, it is the usual thing in cultivated society to suspect those critics who return from Paris to assert the superiority of French to English painting of having been unduly influenced by the laxity of the Napoleonic Code in regard to pederasty.

It is necessary to speak of the intellectual decadence of the English upper classes in connection with Maurice Baring's "Punch and Judy and Other Essays," because the book is not only addressed to the contemporary cultivated Englishman but is, in almost every paragraph, influenced by his ignorance of the true English tradition and his indifference to continental standards. And it is because one is constantly aware of that fact that Mr. Baring is more attentive to his audience than to the material under his hand, and not because they may or may not have been originally published in journals, that his essays fail for the most part to rise above the level of agreeable journalism.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

These essays are a selection from the work of twenty-five years—a small saving from the oblivion of old journals. And the fact that Mr. Baring has wanted to recover some of his boyish pieces from the nothingness to which they belonged strikes, I think, the keynote of his mind. Throughout his life, apparently, he has been animated by one desire: to bring the ordinary cultivated reader to an appreciation of certain works of art, which, for one reason and another, have been largely neglected in England. Doubtless only a gentleman of generous mind could have conceived such an aim; unfortunately, the motley collection of objects which he seeks to restore to admiration are evidence rather of his generosity than of any fine passion for distinguishing between works of the first order and the masterpieces of fifth-rate minds. It is enough for Mr. Baring to discover that a book, a play, or an actress has fallen into neglect for him to set out once more upon his noble literary and theatrical rescue work.

We find him, for instance, intelligently complaining of the reception given by fashionable London to a performance of Dryden's "All for Love," and in the same essay lamenting that Mrs. Patrick Campbell did not see fit to play in Henry Arthur Jones's "Michael and His Lost Angel." "Here again," he says, "was one of those factors that are inseparable from theatrical life, or rather from life. An author writes a masterpiece which demands the qualities of a particular artist for its interpretation. The artist 'cannot stomach it.'" How, in a book where so much space is devoted to Racine, can one speak seriously of a masterpiece by Mr. Jones? It is only among ragpickers that the difference between one piece of rubbish and another becomes important, and it is after all rather futile to interrupt *their* discussions with any talk of Racine.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He returns again and again to Racine, explaining his qualities so as to be understood by those who cannot read French verse, attempting to explain such enlightened compatriots of his as Maurice Hewlett that it is possible to write poetry in the French language. It is not only possible, it has been done.

French poetry exists. We are confronted with the works of Marot, Villon, Du Bellay, Ronsard, Louise Labé, Malherbe, Corneille, Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, André Chénier, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Baudelaire, Gautier, Sully-Prudhomme, Théodore de Banville, Paul Verlaine, Leconte de Lisle, Heredia, Henri de Régnier, and Madame de Noailles.

An amazing list and inexplicable unless one happens to remember that Mr. Baring believes that the world is always right in the long run. Even so, it seems to me that a list of French poets which should include both Villon and the Comtesse de Noailles ought to count to two hundred and fifty instead of twenty-five.

Somehow, Mr. Baring seems more than any of those others who are bent, with more scrupulous gaze upon reestablishing some sort of intellectual contact between England and the Continent, a voice crying in the wilderness.

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Crazy America

THE CRAZY FOOL. By Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

"THE CRAZY FOOL" is like "The Yankee in King Arthur's Court": it needs to be read twice, once for fun, and once for the irony bubbling out of it. If someone calls it "a great American satire" and it is read solemnly for its moral, good-bye to the fun; on the other hand, only children should be unconscious of its teeth.

For "The Crazy Fool" is as crazy as its title. It is the story of the world that never grows up—single-minded scientists, terribly efficient bank presidents, sentimental bank clerks, self-willed flappers—and quite properly, as would be the case in a logical world, they frisk about childishly in an environment made to suit them, where everything is organized, active, efficient, and nothing makes ultimate sense. Charlie is the crazy fool. Read one way his story is very familiar. He has to make good by the end of the year to win the hand of the bank president's daughter, make good by organizing, by conference, and by indomitable energy, a great business, and if he fails to win his prize it is only because she whom he learns really to love demands a sacrifice of him which he makes at the cost of his life. Read another, this comic opera hero is given an insane asylum to put on an efficiency basis by midnight, or lose his girl—which girl is not always certain. "The Crazy Fool" is just the most popular form of movie story, turned inside out.

Stewart is a gentler spirit than Twain. He is not wrathful, but merely amused. There are no deep moral issues in his jolly book, but only burlesque. The conference in which the insane asylum is reorganized along approved New York methods is a complete scene with not one laugh neglected. It is an excellent piece of writing, worthy of the best in this vein. You cannot quote from it adequately, for business letters run into "pep" arguments, and "pep" arguments into exhibits of red-blood and super-patriotism so neatly that one might as well lift a sample from a mosaic pavement. Everything Charlie does is perfectly useless and perfectly done; everyone is crazy, and yet familiar even to their names. It is life in America, just a little crazier than many people think it.

And yet *do* not read this book as satire. Read it as the children will, with delight; for the characters, like so many Americans, are all grown-up children. Have your fun first, and ask what it means afterwards. Indeed if there is criticism to be made it is that this humorist's mind is too active. He tries to rap so many heads that the laughter is sometimes a little puzzled. He might have left a little of the United States for next time.

Growing Pains

THE POLYGLOTS. By W. Gerhardi. New York: Duffield & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

MR. GERHARDI has written another "Futility," and that is precisely what is disappointing. With a mistaken economy he has used the entire pattern of his first novel as the framework of his second. Instead of the preposterous but engaging Russian family of "Futility," he has now chosen a preposterous, though less engaging, polyglot family with Russian connections. His *milieu* is again the tragi-comic confusion of eastern Siberia, just after the war. And the general tone is again that of highly-sophisticated farce, not without a philosophical basis — in which broadly comic scenes are but tragedy viewed by a mind completely disillusioned as to the values and possibilities of human life.

To one who had never read "Futility," the present story might well seem an original, pungent, and even intellectually exciting decoction. But it is a second brewing from over-steeped tea-leaves, and the aroma of the draught has lost it delicacy. Nevertheless, Mr. Gerhardi is a writer of fiction whose work is signed on every page with his own name. He has gusto, charm, wit, and there are passages in both his novels which do more than hint of austerer qualities and indicate, one feels, the probable and promising course of his development as an artist.

It is fair at this point for his admirers (and I count myself heartily one of them) to be a little cross with Mr. Gerhardi. He has now offered us two "Futilities," and he must not offer us a third. We have the right to demand from him what we are all persuaded he can give—a "Maturity." For has he not himself written, "Perhaps we change our souls even as the serpents are said to change their skins. There are feelings awaiting me I know nothing of" . . .? Which being interpreted means, I hope, that Mr. Gerhardi is not at all satisfied with "The Polyglots," and is distinctly if uneasily aware of growing pains. And when these pains are over and the growth accomplished, he will never again (or may the genius of English Prose renounce him!) write so slovenly, so unintentionally comic a sentence the following:

> As we drove up round the corner, I saw an apparition of short skirt, dark brown curls, and *ruby lips moving on seductive legs.*

When Utopia is established, all professional authors will be gassed who are capable of writing one-tenth so carelessly as that!

The Troy Story

HELEN. By Edward Lucas White. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Naomi Mitchison
Author of "The Conquered," etc.

MR. WHITE explains disarmingly in his after-word that "Helen" is the outcome of years of pondering on the possible historic basis of the Troy story. It is rather a pity that, while pondering, he did not also find time to read the more obvious authorities. Failing that, he should have been bolder, struck out for himself, as I hoped he would do when, in an early chapter, Theseus is addressed as "bub." But, alas, he has been respectful, he has even copied the Homeric fashion of cataloguing name after name, attaining, however, rather less happy results than Homer. Sometimes he makes one jump a little, as at his curious habit of misfitting the Greek Gods with

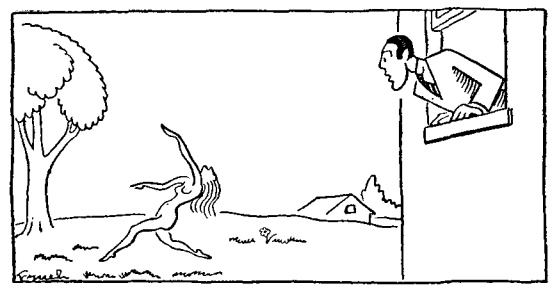

Illustration by Frueh for "The Crazy Fool," by Donald Odgen Stewart (A. & C. Boni).

Roman names: I wish he had gone a little further while he was about it, and called Paris—Jones, or Menelaus (for that matter)—Babbitt.

The real difficulty is, of course, in the prose treatment of a Heroic Age and a story which is part of the literary inheritance of the white races. James Stephens has succeeded exquisitely in his "Deirdre," but there the story has more unity, and the details are not so well known, and there are not the same terrible mythological complications. It is rather doubtful how much it helps reality to modernize when dealing with a period like this, and whether a method which was perfectly legitimate and extremely lively in "Andivius Hedulio" and the very modern second century A. D., can be employed on an age in which we know for certain that the people were very unlike ourselves, acting on different motives and speaking not only in a different tongue but with utterly different thoughts. The result of this method here has been to diminish everything, make Tyndarus merely silly and Menelaus merely stupid, and Helen—the divine Helen, wrecker of ships and hearts—she has become pretty, tidy, bourgeoise, oh quite-too-chaste-and-respectable, like no Helen in all the world of fact and literature except possibly the eponymous heroine of Euripides' bitter and sarcastic play, in which she was certainly not supposed to be even the reader's darling, let alone the whole world's! As to the Gods, they are left no more real either to the readers or to the characters in the book itself than Christianity is today: surely Mr. White must realize that they had some potency then? that half the point of his story is that Helen was half a God, daughter of Zeus himself, and constrained by another God? However, I suppose this is scarcely "historic," though it is clear enough that Helen was worshipped in Sparta for centuries. Well, if Helen is not to be divine, let Mr. White at least follow Victor Bérard and give us some economic reason for the War, let him explain the "horse," which was, presumably, some sort of siege engine, and let him be very careful how he brings in Theseus.

The best part of the book is certainly the description of the fighting under the walls, though I wish it could have been done more simply, without reference to modern times or comments on the inefficiency of the ancients. The Iliad, after all, was composed some three centuries after the fall of Troy, when tactics had developed a great deal, but Homer does not spend his time talking of the superiority of four over two-horse chariots, or iron over bronze swords! After that, perhaps the most vivid scene is the entrance of Paris and Helen into Troy. Mr. White has done well to bring in the ball games, and very well to speak of Crete—but I think the drainage system, admirable as it was, has been rather overdone by now! His Greek scenes are not very successful in creating atmosphere; he does not take his readers into hollow Lacedaemon, the garden between high mountain walls, from which Helen, Eve-like, escaped for the sake of that other apple. As to the manners and customs: well, I hope some of this book's many readers will turn back to Homer, or to the "Trojan Women" of Euripides, or even to the modern historians, Cavaignac, Holm, and Bury. Failing that, they will get some breath of the ancient world out of the charming little vase designs which so properly decorate this "Helen."

A Marshal of Labor

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR. By Samuel Gompers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by Winthrop D. Lane

SO this is Samuel Gompers! The great figure of the American labor movement, and one of the foremost figures of his day, stands before us—self-revealed! From the two volumes of this autobiography we are expected to catch an intimate picture of the man, to go behind his words and deeds to the emotions that gave meaning to them, and to learn why he acted as he did on the stage of the world's affairs. Unfortunately, we can do no such thing. The sum total of what we learn about Samuel Gompers from these volumes is—nothing. Mr. Gompers could lead a busy and passionate life, he could direct the tactics of America's labor forces for nearly forty years, but he could not reveal himself in a book. He could not look in upon his own soul, he could not understand or disclose the workings of that devoted and strife-loving mind. The fact seems to be that Mr. Gompers was afraid of his own emotions; something held him back from the contemplation of them. Something pressed him on in a never-ending struggle with external affairs, and for the inner pith and meaning of things, for his own moods and quieter thoughts, he had no stomach. We lay this book down knowing him no better than when we picked it up. Another rotogravure picture in the Sunday pictorial has met our eye; that is all.

All this gives the volumes the interest of a fascinating example of autobiography, an interest adventitiously heightened by Mr. Gompers's death while the manuscript was in the publishers' hands. The story of this remarkable veteran, who was elected thirty-seven times as president of the American Federation of Labor, who helped to frame international labor codes, and who was regarded with distrust by some of the progressive labor elements in this country and abroad, could not help but appeal to the imaginations of men. Mr. Gompers, before he died, was widely looked upon as a restraining influence on the advancing march of labor's interests. He clung to the slogans and tactics of earlier days; he stood for shorter hours, higher wages, and a craft organization of unions. The participation of labor in shaping industrial policies and in such newer forms of enterprise as labor banks, workers' education, and others had not fired his enthusiasm. But he died before his grasp on the machinery of organized labor had been loosened; he was still in the harness and he still embodied—what many of his opponents seemed unable to know—the ideas and methods of a majority of the men and women trades unionists of this country. His adherence to the purposes of the United States in the war had brought him acceptance in some quarters once disliking him, and the outstretching of his helpful hand to Mexico had given him a

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romantic rôle as the sympathizer and friend of workers abroad. He was still the dominating figure in labor strategy in this country.

But he could not portray for us a picture of Samuel Gompers. He could not tell us who this short, stocky, grizzled marshal of labor's tactics, with the large head and the wide mouth, really was. He gives us the words of his answers to kings and workingmen, to presidents and hecklers, but he does not make us see Samuel Gompers as he gave those answers. He presents his conclusions to us, but he does not invite us into the council chamber where those conclusions are being reached. Of the small incidents and personal experiences that go so far to shape one's opinions, he knows nothing; he would probably deny their existence. He never seems to suspect that his judgments are influenced by his emotions. Mountains of facts, plenty of dates and names, the rise and progress of the American labor movement, these he can give us, but through the hard exterior of the data he lays before us we catch a glimpse of his mind and personality almost never.

* * *

No man ever told such an amazing story of his courtship and marriage. A friend, going away for the summer, said "Sam, will you look after my girl for me?" After weeks of "loyal" attention, Sam married the girl, he and another young chap standing up with their sweethearts at City Hall in Brooklyn one day. This was "Ma Gompers" of the American labor movement, the center of his household for fifty years, the mother of his many children. Yet he tells the story without a trace of feeling, devoting nearly half of the narrative to the means of travel between Manhattan and Brooklyn at the time. Of this woman, who shared his poverty and breathed his triumphs, the mention is scant and unilluminating throughout. "My wife acquiesced without question in whatever sacrifice was entailed" by his work, he writes. Possibly she did, but one wishes that the lady could speak more for herself. Shortly after their marriage, he came to New York with $25 saved by her for a new dress; he spent the money for a fiddle and scratched the instrument monstrously at home that night. The young wife's sorrow at loss of the dress is duly catalogued along with the neighbors' disgust at his noises. We learn on page 144 that by that time he has five children, but no mention has been made of their coming or of his feelings about them.

It is not that he doesn't talk about himself. Probably few autobiographies have more "I's" and "me's" in them, but his "I" is a figure, Sam Gompers, about whom a book is being written; and since the author was there and knows what happened, he tells it. The facts are poured forth without stint, but of his feelings and moods, his angers and delights, he either makes no mention or merely says "I was angry" or "I was pleased" as a fact, to be recorded with other facts in the course of the narrative. "You remind me of the tugs in New York harbor—all machinery," a friend once said to him, and this was true.

He seems unable to bear the searchlight of introspection. When John Brophy rushed on to a convention platform and pointed a revolver at his breast, Gompers tells what he did with each of his hands, reciting the events as if all the participants had been wax work figures, and not at all as if Sam Gompers's life had been in danger. A physician refused to go a block with him to attend his wife while she was in childbirth, thinking that Gompers had no money with which to pay him, and Gompers dominated the man, forcing him by sheer will power to go; but when he comes to tell the story, it is all set down coldly, without feeling. This unwillingness to draw the emotional content out of situations spoils some of his best stories. He stood before 2,500 striking actors and received their rousing cheers; pride must have welled up in the recognized leader of working folk as he heard the spontaneous tribute of their professional brethren, but all he gives us is the externals of the scene in a few sentences. Again, he met Vincent Astor, Ogden Mills, and other financial figures in private session; he told these formidable gentlemen what he thought of them, declaring plainly that if they did not change their opinions about organized labor they could be "thrown to the wolves" for all he cared. The reader itches to know what they said and how they looked, but Gompers grants us only what he said to them and the receivers of his bluntness might as well have been sign posts for all he tells of their side of it. In the story of the malicious shadowing of Gompers by Burns's detectives and newspaper men, after the McNamara dynamitings, he comes as near to letting down the emotional bars as anywhere in the book. These men hounded Gompers for days, making him squirm beside them in railroad seats and trying to trap him into incriminating remarks. When the affair was over, Gompers was ill with nervous tension and excitement, but he merely sets the narrative down in words of detachment, leaving you to draw any conclusions you wish.

* * *

And yet this is no mean book. Into it Mr. Gompers has packed many a pleasant anecdote, not a few jests about himself, and many an informing sidelight on the routes by which events travelled. He has given us the items in his own set of economic beliefs, the issues that he held to be most important for organized labor; and if these are no more than we could have guessed from a newspaper acquaintance with his history, at least we have also the tale of many of his efforts to translate them into action. Into appropriate chapters he has gathered his experiences when trying to get laws passed, his observation of violence by trade unionists, his encounters with injunctions, his political activities, and his contacts with presidents of the United States. The story of his childhood, and of the coming of his Dutch parents from the East Side, London, to the east side of New York, where they lived in poverty, is told with feeling and graphic interest. The earliest chapters are the best. The book is a valuable record of much that is important in the history of American trade unionism.

Perhaps no other type of man than Samuel Gompers could have led American labor through all these years of struggle and beginning. As we go through the pages of this autobiography, we see bitter experiences crowding upon its author and the cause for which he labored, one after another. Employers trying to stamp out incipient unionism, injunctions striking at the simplest rights of assemblage and free discussion, disastrous strikes, reprisal by lockout, hostility from the public and treachery within the movement, even persecution at the hands of the police: these are some of the woes that Fate handed out to the labor cause during Sam Gompers's régime. It took a strong and persistent nature to withstand them, but perhaps not a reflective nature. Possibly the tendency to look in upon one's self and to be conscious of one's emotional entanglement would have been a handicap. Perhaps the hard struggle of labor has called for objective, unreflective personalities, for people who could go full steam ahead as if they did not have any emotions to be nursed, any doubts and misgivings to be coddled. Such a temperament may make for effective labor leadership, but it does not make for a penetrating and satisfying autobiography.

Mrs. Meynell's Achievement

MRS. MEYNELL AND HER LITERARY GENERATION. By ANNE KIMBALL TUELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

"I HAVE kept things pretty much to myself as regards my generation," the author of this study quotes Alice Meynell as having said shortly before her death. The book thoroughly bears this out. Of the three names most closely associated with her, two, Patmore and Meredith, her "masters" in verse and in prose, were of an earlier generation, Francis Thompson of a later. To an uncommon degree, both Mrs. Meynell's endowment and her career were individual. Schools and movements she frankly detested. "Hers is an art," remarks Miss Tuell, "which has fulfilled itself, which did according to its strength exactly what it meant to do." It is more important to note that the book competently establishes this point of its subject's strong independence as an artist, than to quarrel with the singular choice of a title.

For this is not a book about the England of the nineties, when Alice Meynell achieved fame. It hasn't to do with the miscellaneous literary relationships of her long life. It is written in sober celebration of Alice Meynell alone. There was, of course, every reason for its being written. Mrs. Meynell's single thin volume of poems has sufficed to rank her with the authentic poets. Her few volumes of prose are a gift to our literature that for beauty and originality stand quite alone. It was important that somebody should make a full, precise, and permanent record of her achievement. This Miss Tuell has done, and with a workmanship that is beyond criticism. However, she is far more than a capable bibliographer. Her highly intelligent study is what we used to call some time ago an "appreciation." That is to say, it is a little more cautious, more polite, than original criticism can well afford to be. The spell of Mrs. Meynell's own personality pervades it a little too successfully. It is easy and perhaps not unfair to conjecture that it was a personality dangerous to encounter just before beginning a critical study that it both inspired and limited. And if the encounter provoked any unspoken vow that Mrs. Meynell's own severe code of reticence should be adhered to in writing about her, the vow has been kept inviolate.

It might have been fruitful, for instance, in a book where the critical and interpretive faculties were at liberty to express themselves with entire freedom, to develop further the subject of the curious division that existed in Alice Meynell between the poet and the prose writer. Miss Tuell states this point: "Her prose we have found commonly perceptive, sensuous; her poetry is even beyond the wont of the lyric, inward." As a poet, Mrs. Meynell's strongest kinships were with seventeenth century figures, Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert. Her themes are those of the mystic. She is intensely, almost challengingly, Christian and Catholic. In only a few poems, such as the exquisite "A Rainy Summer," does she even suggest the special characteristics of her prose, a prose that is utterly undated, that is of yesterday or of tomorrow: its roots in delicately perceived realities, a child's cheek, the shape of a cloud, its form irreducibly spare and simple, its eloquence as magical as that of poetry.

But to go farther into this dualism of her subject might have involved more tampering with biography than Miss Tuell has permitted herself. With a very considerable skill in avoiding emphasis, she has slipped into her chapters here and there only those facts of Mrs. Meynell's life that she has considered indispensable to the discussion. These are of a sort to confirm one's belief that a complete life should still be written. Mrs. Meynell's conversion to Catholicism, which is responsible for the content of the greater part of her poetry, is a matter of which the bare record would suffice in the case of a lesser writer, but which, in her case, might well receive a fraction of the detailed explanation that we possess, for instance, in regard to Coventry Patmore's acceptance of the Catholic faith. Then, although Miss Tuell writes informingly of Mrs. Meynell as a feminist,—for, if not a feminist in the technical sense she was at least, an able and eager champion of women,—here, too, the outline deserves sooner or later to be filled out.

In fact, the more one becomes convinced of the richly human capacity that Alice Meynell must after all have possessed, the more undesirable it seems that the legend of her wraith-like delicacy should be passed on to later generations together with the unfortunate Sargent portrait. Fastidious, reticent, to the verge of preciousness, she was. But after all, she didn't go beyond the verge. And her art was fed by a life lived amply and deeply. From first to last, there was plenty of contact with realities, and no avoidance of distasteful ones. Temperamentally averse to much that it involved, she nevertheless became a suffragist. For many years she wrote regularly for several London periodicals. As she herself wrote: "I worked hard on journalism that I loved, on my own subjects, during the

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years that I bore eight children." Almost more astonishing is the fact that she couldn't understand why other writing mothers find it difficult to work with children running up and down stairs. She herself had no such difficulty. Nor was this because she withdrew herself from young lives, for her work proves that she saw her own children perhaps more clearly and beautifully than any mother who has ever had the gift of expression.

The British Commonwealth

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING NATIONS: A Study of the Commonwealth Ideal. By G. W. Morris and L. S. Wood. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1924. $1.20.

Reviewed by the late George Burton Adams

THE growth of the idea of the British Commonwealth of Nations has produced a whole library of compendiums. Historian and publicist and economist have each wanted to explain how it came to be and how in its evolution it has illustrated or emphasized ideas of theirs or followed a course which seems to them normal or abnormal. But a compendium is not an easy thing to write in such a way as really to accomplish the purpose intended. The problem is the problem of selection—to choose out of the mass of details those only which will give the reader a clear view of the result achieved and of the steady unfolding of events one after another until this result is seen to be necessary, with no less of perspective and no confusion of proportions.

The task as concerned with British imperial history has never been better done than in this book, on the whole not so well done. The book lacks the contagious enthusiasm of Seeley's "Expansion of England"; it is less keenly sympathetic than Lavelle and Payne's "Imperial England"; it is not so full an account as Hall's "The British Commonwealth of Nations"; and it does not attempt the personal appeal of Beer's "English Speaking Peoples." But rather more concisely than any, it really does the work of them all. For American readers especially useful and informing chapters are those on the Australasian Dominions and India, on the Government of the Commonwealth, and on the Imperial Conscience. By going over the same ground more than once and strictly limiting each account to the particular topic in hand, confusion of detail is avoided and an unusually clear view of the gradual progress towards the present Commonwealth is given.

* * *

The present ideal of the British Commonwealth of Nations, as consciously cherished, did not exist fifty years ago. It was not in the mind of any of the "Empire builders" nor of the colonist settlers by whom the Empire was created. They worked for the upbuilding of empire in the earlier sense, the expansion of power and resources—dominion over the earth. There has been therefore a change in the meaning of the word empire in the British Commonwealth and its meaning is now the expansion of race, of common ideas and ideals of civilization, of common language, Christianity, law, and government. This change of meaning the authors especially emphasize and declare that their "central theme has not been the military achievements of our ancestors but the development of the Commonwealth ideal and the gift to the world of the sense of imperial trusteeship—an imperial conception based upon nationality and self-government."

As this ideal, however, is barely a generation old, they are obliged to deal with the military, and especially with the naval, achievements of our ancestors, for there is in truth no other history back of these present ideals. But they deal with them not as military or naval achievements final in themselves but as the steps leading to that physical empire on which only the empire in the new sense could be founded, as that without which the new ideal could not arise. In this new conception of things—ideas not power—the United States necessarily has its part, and the authors give a chapter to our history from the same point of view as that of the Dominions. The chapter is well enough done, though it is not the best in the book. In fine the book is highly to be commended as truly stating present ruling notions in the Commonwealth and for clarity of conception and skill in execution.

The Bowling Green

The Scummer

A MAN I know is a great lover of the wine of Anjou. This is because he has a romantic spirit: he has curly hair, wears very crumply soft collars, and he is about to be married. He is at the time of life when things like the wine of Anjou (which I mention only as a symbol) are very important. In fact for him also it is only a symbol; he admitted to me lately that he has never tasted it. But he has encountered it in literature, and I believe that in his mind it stands for youth, gallantry, sitting up late at night, and the Three Musketeers. To me too the Angevin wine means a great deal. It was just a year ago, wandering in the streets of Cherbourg, that I learned about it. There is a little wine-merchant's shop looking out on the market place; there, in the window, I saw a cask and a sign *Vin d'Anjou,* 1 fr. 80 a bottle. Rather cheaper than Coca Cola, I said to myself (the franc being then at about 5 cents). At the hotel they were charging 7 francs for the same thing; but that was because the little man in a green baize apron had to go down to the cellar and bring it up to you; and most of the Americans at that hotel wouldn't have believed it was good wine if they only paid 1 fr. 80 for it. Anyhow, when we moved into our own cottage at Donville I laid in a supply of *Vin d'Anjou,* a very superior grade that cost 2 francs 10 a bottle, and made it my particular beverage all summer. And to me, as to my friend in the soft collar, it gradually became a thing of rich and vaguely romantic meaning; though I was too ignorant to realize that it was famous in literature.

* * *

So when I began wondering what to give this fellow for a wedding present, I naturally thought of the wine of Anjou. That was not obtainable. But it ought to be (I felt) something connected both with liquor and literature. For my friend has been editing an anthology of drinking songs. It isn't published yet, but when it appears I think you will like it. It is illustrated by an American artist who is just as talented as the late and justly admired Lovat Fraser; this artist has thrown himself into the task with so much gusto that his wife has been quite agitated; she thinks it a rather degrading task. But one warm day lately, still pondering about the anthologist's wedding present, I stopped in at the Court View Hotel in Mineola, L. I. That is a fine old flavorous road-house; it would be too intricate to tell you why it has such agreeable association for me. It has a cool dusky bar with a cheerful big man behind it; and I will remind you that no one is likely to misconduct himself severely in a saloon right opposite the county courthouse. There, having a glass of strictly legal percentage, I saw the perfect wedding present. Not Mr. Ovington himself could have equalled it. The big man behind the bar was wiping the foam from the glasses with a charming little black thing he called a scummer. In all the many times I had seen this done I had never before thought of a scummer as a wedding present. But now it occurred to me what a fine paper-cutter it would make. It was made, I should guess, of hard black rubber, and exactly the size and shape of a paper-cutter. And I knew what pleasure it would give my nubile friend, perhaps even his bride too, to cut the pages of new books with this little utensil that had done honorable service so long in that old Long Island bar-room. It had scummed smoothly across the creaming tops of how many crystal goblets, pushing the suds off onto the perforated brass plate where it seeps gently away. With it would come some association of old and innocent hilarities. For not all of us who are fond of bar-rooms, my Angevin bridegroom is wise enough to know, are mere sots. Think of that great voice (*sotto voce*) the Old Soak.

* * *

So I asked my friend the landlord if he'd part with his scummer. And here comes the sorrow: he wouldn't. I offered as high as a quarter for it, but he said it was the last one he has. He used to have any number of scummers, he said; the brewers gave them away complimentary, but they don't do that no more. And when his scummer got mislaid lately he had to use the lid of a cigar-box, which was distasteful to customers. I went as high as fifty cents but he was still obdurate. I left disappointed, but since then I have had an inspiration. I shall buy a nice ivory (or perhaps celluloid) paper-cutter and take it to him, asking him for the old black scummer in exchange. For a man who understands about the wine of Anjou must have the best possible wedding present.

* * *

The Urchin had had two school-friends, small boys about nine years old, to lunch. Afterwards we were oiling up the toy engine—a hot-air engine with very fine pistons and cranks; she is named *Saxonia* after that fine old liner which was sold to the shipbreakers some time ago. One of these youngsters was looking at the phial of oil. "It's a pretty good oil," he said, "even if it is a Sacred Name." I admit I was puzzled for a moment; then I looked at the bottle. "Three-in-One."

* * *

An editor tells me that a manuscript reached him the other day called *Seven Days to Win a Fortune.* It began as follows:—

AE41404U+2:3x3—AE4U3 +;5;?05UU+423—/AE4+1;451.

Young Sir Aldwyn Fretherne, Baronet of a few days standing, sat gazing stupidly at the jumble of characters. For hours he had been wrestling with the problem. The solution of it meant a fortune. He had been given seven days to unravel it—and three were already gone.

"I read far enough," writes my editor friend, "to see that old Sir John Fretherne, who had just died, had amassed an enormous collection of jewels which were disposed of by this cipher; and solved the thing in 49 minutes. Knowing that it can be done, that it is straightforward Poe-easy, you could do it in less."

Our correspondent does us too much honor. 49 minutes only gave us about half of it; but we are notoriously slow at these things; even though we have sense enough immediately to apply the linotyper's pi-word *etaoinshrdlu,* which represents (with sufficient accuracy) the relative frequency of the most-used letters in the English language. But what was suggested to me by the incident was, why, in all the enthusiasm over puzzles these last two years, has no one ever mentioned the most fascinating of all puzzle-books? Probably because it requires some genuine thinking. I mean the late W. W. Rouse Ball's "Mathematical Recreations and Essays," a book that is a classic among mathematicians. (Published by Macmillan in 1892, Fifth Edition, 1911). If you want a chance to do some really meritorious pondering, get hold of that book. My own ambition is some day to know enough mathematics to understand it thoroughly. The chapter on cryptographs and ciphers would have put young Sir Aldwyn Fretherne in possession of the jewels fast enough. The moral is, when in difficulty apply to a bookseller; any bookseller worth the name would have been pushing Rouse Ball's book (if it's still in print?) the past year or so.

Christopher Morley.

* * *

Close by the "country churchyard" of Gray's "Elegy" at Stoke Poges (says an English journal) Viscount Grey of Fallodon recently accepted for public ownership a large meadow which has been saved from the hands of the builders. The meadow is the "lea" of the poem, and contains the stone monument erected to Gray's memory 28 years after his death. The poet was buried in the churchyard under a tombstone where he touchingly recorded the death of his mother but which has no mention of himself. The churchyard is still "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and the "lea" has been acquired to preserve this immunity.

* * *

John Masefield's new religious play, called "The Trial of Jesus," was recently presented in the small theatre, which has been erected on the poet's own ground at Boar's Hill, near Oxford. In his adaptation of the superb tragedy an English critic, who by his initials should be Henry W. Nevinson, says of it: "It was with the same kind of genius that the Greek tragedians adapted the familiar traditions of Athens and imparted a new grandeur and truth to stories which all the Athenian audience knew so well."

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Harcourt, Brace and Company

Virginia Woolf's

Mrs. Dalloway

"To the reader, London is made for the first time to exist. This is an unusually coherent, lucid, and enthralling book."—*The Saturday Review.*

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Books of Special Interest

A Famous Paradox

THE FABLE OF THE BEES: OR, PRIVATE VICES, PUBLIC BENEFITS. By BERNARD MANDEVILLE. With a Commentary Critical, Historical, and Explanatory by F. B. KAYE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. 2 vols. $14.

Reviewed by R. H. GRIFFITH
University of Texas

DOCTOR JOHNSON said that reading the "Fable of the Bees" opened his views into real life very much. The book is two hundred years old, but it is safe to say that many an American, who should substitute the "Fable" for two or three novels in this year's reading-list, would find his views, too, opened very much.

After going through a number of editions in its first hundred years, the book faded in popularity, but Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733), remains a figure of importance in the history of ideas. The new edition, the first since 1805 and the only scholarly one, prepared by Dr. Kaye of Northwestern University, and printed handsomely at the Clarendon Press, will be welcomed both for making the text of the "Fable" more easily accessible and for enabling the reader to envisage Mandeville as a person of ideas. In the introduction Dr. Kaye writes of Mandeville's life, adducing new information and correcting earlier sketches; points out analogues and sources of Mandeville's ideas in earlier writers, continental as well as English; and traces the influence Mandeville exerted over contemporary and subsequent thinkers. Clearly Dr. Kaye has begrudged neither time nor labor in the search for information. As a consequence his discussion forms a notable contribution to the history of the international exchange of ideas and the progress of thought in the eighteenth century.

Mandeville's book developed by accretions. It began in 1705 as a 433-line fable in doggerel verse: the bees of a hive were prosperous but wicked; they prayed for virtue, and their prayer was granted; they became virtuous, but prosperity departed utterly. It had grown by 1729 to two volumes, made up of the verse and a series of illustrative essays in prose and six (Platonic) dialogues. All are concerned with the author's chief interest, the genesis of civilization and particularly the nature and place of morality as a part of civilization.

Mandeville's contention is that national prosperity is necessarily dependent upon vices in individuals. He flaunted his paradox in the very title of his book. The catch resides in his definitions of vice and virtue. Any deed that takes its spring from a self-regarding motive is a vice; only those acts are virtuous "by which Man, contrary to the impulse of Nature, should endeavor the Benefit of others, or the Conquest of his own Passions out of a Rational Ambition of being good." When Mandeville looked about among men, he found no such virtuous acts. By analyzing common motives, habits, and deeds, even those seemingly most altruistic, as charity, politeness, what-not, he traced each back to an origin in a self-regarding impulse. Much of the fun in reading the book is in watching the nice surgical skill with which he lays open these analyses.

Another source of interest is his excursions into psychology, economics, and sociology. He propounded several doctrines or ideas that were to be made much of by his successors. He argued that luxury is a benefit, and thus influenced a once widespread discussion. He stated a vigorous belief in allowing nature to work, in certain economic fields, unhampered by statute laws, the "*laissez-faire* theory." For him usefulness was a measure of worth (or goodness), and so he set forward the utilitarian philosophy. And in one of his passages he expounded neatly though briefly the division-of-labor idea, which Adam Smith expanded at length. These matters may be followed readily in Dr. Kaye's introduction.

There is, however, another thread in the history of ideas that appears to have escaped Dr. Kaye's observation. Mandeville explained adequately the idea that prolongation of infancy in man has been a chief instrument or means to produce man's development beyond other animals. It will be recalled that John Fiske rediscovered this idea, and regarded it as his significant contribution to the theory of evolution. A psychoanalyst reading Fiske's autobiographical account of how the idea came to him must feel sure that Fiske had read the "Fable of the Bees," and that Mandeville's notion had sunk into his well of subconsciousness only to reemerge as a supposedly orginal idea when Fiske was seeking to resolve a difficulty raised by Darwin and Wallace.

Though he had not the conception of physiological evolution upon which to erect his thought, Mandeville's thinking is evolutionary throughout. It is unfortunate that he cast his book in the form of a paradox. For the paradox is not an instrument for constructive thought. It is the yellow journalism of philosophy. And Mandeville was caught in the toils of his own paradox. He was not a profound thinker, but he had a mind at once sensitive and hospitable to new ideas, and was an uncommonly keen observer and analyst in several areas of speculation. Often he failed to perceive the implications of his own theories. His tacit assumption was that the civilization of the England of his day was the apex, the summit; standing upon which he looked back through the ages and saw in a clear perspective (unusual and perhaps unmatched in his time) how the lines of civilization had formed and moved on and up. But he looked on only half the picture. He never faced about to ask, what next? what is to be the result of extending these lines? Thus, he inveighed stoutly against charity-schools: they are a sentimental and vicious social experiment; more than half the population must engage in drudgery; to educate poor children is to unfit them for drudgery, and reduce the labor supply. But premises of his own lead to other conclusions. One is, the invention of machinery will continuously reduce the proportion of drudgery to other forms of occupation. Another is that education is the prolongation of mental infancy, and as a means for the advancement of civilization is analogous to the prolongation of bodily infancy. In time, then, education must needs become universal for the sake of the race's development.

However a reader may react to Mandeville's book, he is pretty sure to find Doctor Johnson's experience his own.

Marine Bird Life

BIRD ISLANDS OF PERU. By ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Reviewed by FRANK M. CHAPMAN
American Museum of Natural History

RECENT press dispatches tell us of remarkable climatic disturbances in the coastal zone of Peru. In regions where rain was almost unknown it has fallen for days; prevailing winds have changed their direction, ocean currents their course, and the result has been devastation not only on land but on the sea, where fish and smaller equatic organisms and marine birds have died in countless numbers. When the history of these disastrous phenomena is written one may conclude it with a Q. E. D. and add it to Dr. Murphy's book.

Nominally a contribution to ornithology, this volume is in fact a study of the marine life of the coast of Peru in relation to its environment. We have long known that sea-birds were more numerous in these waters than in any other part of the globe, and that as transformers of fish into fertilizer they have added a billion dollars or more to the wealth of the world; but Dr. Murphy tells us the reason of the abundance of both fish and birds. Applying the principle of *ad infinitum* he draws a fascinating picture of the interrelations of organisms which, beginning with microscopic algæ, advances in an unbroken scale of life to pelicans and sea-lions. Indeed he goes even further than this and shows us how the existence of the infinitude of forms composing this flora and fauna is primarily dependent upon the temperature of the sea, and how this in turn is determined by prevailing air currents.

The book abounds in information, but it is all so pleasingly conveyed by the narrative of Dr. Murphy's five months' experiences on the Peruvian coast as well as islands that one becomes thoroughly interested in his researches as well as the details of how they were made. In short, without catering to the assumed demand for sensational science, Dr. Murphy has written a most readable story of a capital piece of natural history exploration.

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Russian Literature

By William Henry Chamberlin

THE Russian Revolution has naturally been the dominant factor in shaping the course of modern Russian literature. It is really difficult to imagine a contemporary Russian author writing about any other theme. Aside from the fact that the Revolution is an inexhaustible source of dramatic material, it has wrought such important social and cultural changes in Russian life that any literary work which did not take it into account would seem artificial and out of touch with the times. And, as a matter of fact, practically all the significant novels which have appeared in Russia during the last few years reflect some aspect of the heroic, militant period of the Revolution, the period of social upheaval and civil war. The more sober and prosaic period of reconstruction which set in with the adoption of the new economic policy in 1921 has not yet found much reflection in literature.

Modern Russian writers are divided into two more or less distinct camps. On one side is a group of uncompromising Communist authors who believe that literature should primarily serve the end of spreading the ideas of communism and distrust and denounce any tendencies among contemporary authors which do not seem to them sufficiently permeated with proletarian spirit. The two chief exponents of this view are Yuri Libedinsky and A. Tarasov-Rodionov; and their organ of expression is the magazine *Na Postu* (On Guard).

Na Postu often directs its thunders against the writers who are commonly known as *poputchiki* or travelling companions. These poputchiki are in general sympathy with the Revolution, but deviate in one way or another from the principles of rigid communism and are apt to place art ahead of propaganda in their work.

The differences between the *Na Postu* group and the poputchiki were thoroughly discussed at a session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the highest political authority in Russia. At this session Trotzky was especially insistent in developing the theory that a proletarian culture cannot be born overnight. He criticized the *Na Postu* group for showing signs of immaturity, bigotry, and artistic sterility. Trotzky's views encountered a certain amount of opposition from Communists of the stricter persuasion; but the session decided that the poputchiki should be encouraged to develop along Communist lines, instead of being severely repressed.

Both Libedinsky and Tarasov-Rodionov are chiefly known for their short novels. There can be no doubt that Libedinsky's novel, which is available in English through the excellent translation of Mr. Arthur Ransome, represents an enduring contribution to Russian literature. The author does not conceal his own sympathies; but his characters are credible and his incidents carry conviction. The atmosphere of the period is very well preserved; along with the selfless devotion of some of the Communists to their cause one senses the spirit of ferocity which animated both sides in the civil war and the bleak hunger which brooded over the country at that time.

Tarasov-Rodionov's "Chocolate" depicts the Revolution from another angle. The central figure in this story is an incorruptible fanatical Communist, head of the Chekha, or secret police organization for combatting counter-revolution. Working under the greatest strain he commits one or two trifling indiscretions, which rumor magnifies into scandalous incidents. A high tribunal of old Party members which sits in judgment on the case comes to the conclusion that the head of the Chekha is innocent, but decides that he must be shot so as not to discredit the Communists in the eyes of the masses who will never believe that he is really not guilty. The head of the Chekha himself concurs in this judgment and offers his life as the last sacrifice for the Party which he has served so long and so faithfully. The appeal of this story depends upon a highly strained, not to say overstrained application of the fanatical revolutionary psychology that considers a human life as lighter than a feather when it is laid in the balance against the demands of the general cause. The style of "Chocolate" is vivid, bombastic, Hugoesque. The action is generally feverishly rapid, full of intrigue in the shape of dreams and soliloquies which help to illustrate the general ideas of the story.

Among the poputchiki one naturally finds less preoccupation with Communist ideology and more extensive observation of the general conditions of life under the Revolution. One may divide the poputchiki into two main classes. Some of them are of peasant origin; and they bring into Russian literature a new note of the village, not as seen by an outsider, but as reflected in the lives of the writers themselves.

Prominent among these new peasant writers is the half-Tartar woman Saifulina, whose novel "Virinea," rough and almost repelling as it is in style, achieves something of the majestic sweep of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of The Soil." Strong, simple, and elemental in character, passing through and overcoming many painful experiences, only to fall at last as an almost accidental casualty of the Russian civil war, the peasant girl who is the heroine of Saifulina's story almost comes to symbolize the peasant village with which her life is so closely bound up. Along with Saifulina may be mentioned Vsevolod Ivanov. Himself a Siberian peasant, Ivanov took part in the guerrilla war of the insurgent peasant bands against the white dictator Kolchak, and his personal experiences furnish the stuff for many vivid sketches of the civil war.

Besides the peasant writers the poputchiki include in their ranks a certain number of intellectuals who, without becoming Communists, have adopted the attitude of generally accepting the Revolution and its results. Typical representatives of this class are Pilniak and Babel. Pilniak was a well-known writer in Russia before the War. The Revolution exerted a profound influence upon his style as well as upon his point of view; and his most famous postrevolutionary novel, "Goli God" ("The Bare Year"), is difficult reading, even for a Russian, because of its curious verbal mannerisms and complexities. It does convey in an extremely vivid amnner the sheer physical misery of the period of civil war and blockade; some of its pages almost suggest a shriek of tortured flesh and blood.

Babel is a Jewish intellectual who served in General Budenny's cavalry corps, where the roughriding soldiers, mostly Don and Kuban Cossacks and peasants laughed at him and hazed him because he wore glasses. Out of this experience he derived a good deal of material which he has embodied in a book of short stories called "Cavalry Army." He has also written many short stories of Jewish life in the Ukraine during the period of civil war. Babel is an uneven writer; occasionally he turns out a sketch that is marked by real genius, but he often sinks back into mediocrity.

Another modern Russian author who is so far away from the viewpoint of the Communists that he could not even be called a poputchiki is V. Veressaiev, whose novel "Impasse" is permitted to circulate in Russia, although it was published abroad. Veressaiev is a doctor by profession and author of a well-known war book "Letters of a Physician," which was inspired by the Russo-Japanese conflict. His "Impasse" depicts quite eloquently and faithfully the spiritual tragedy of that rather large part of the Russian intelligentsia which was democratic and socialistic in its sympathies, but which did not agree with the theory and practice of communism. The Bolshevik Revolution and the embittered civil war which followed it left these intellectuals in a pathetic state of isolation and helplessness. On the one hand they could not sympathize with the White movements, which were clearly pursuing monarchist and reactionary ends; on the other hand they were profoundly estranged from the Communist dictatorship, which did not in the least express their ideal of what the Russian Revolution should have brought.

Veressaiev in his novel is about as fair to the Communists as one who does not share their faith can be. He shows the good types in the Party along with the bad: the devoted although ruthless head of the secret police and the idealistic girl who sees in the Revolution a force for the redemption of humanity along with the disgusting adventurer who has simply joined the Party for what he can get out of it. But brooding over the story are the author's convictions that violence and terrorism are poor tools with which to build a socialist order and that all the wholesale bloodletting of the civil war will lead only to futility.

It can scarcely be doubted that the Russian Revolution marks an important watershed in Russian literary history. It has broken up and scattered the old intelligentsia, which formed the literary tastes of preceding generations.

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Foreign Literature

A "Tragic Comedian"

FERDINAND LASSALLE: *Nachgelassene Briefe und Schriften.* Five Volumes. Edited by GUSTAV MAYER. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

By A. W. G. RANDALL

JUST in time for the celebration of the centenary of Lassalle's birth, which took place on April 11th, Herr Gustav Mayer has completed his monumental edition of the correspondence and other stray papers of Ferdinand Lassalle, including not only all his own letters but practically all the important letters he received, from Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, the Countess Sophie von Hatzfeldt, Bülow, and the numerous other friends who revolved in the orbit of this brilliant constellation. So now all readers of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians" or of the Comte de Vogüé's "Morts qui Parlent" can study the complete and authentic story of one of the most remarkable personalities of the nineteenth century, told either in his own words or the words of those who knew him best and stood closest to him in his extraordinary fate.

Fate, *Schicksal*—these are the words that spring most naturally to the mind as we consider the astonishing career of this "tragic comedian." Gifted beyond almost all other men of his time, born to lead and dominate the minds of men, hailed very early by the poet Heine as "the Messiah of the Nineteenth Century," he indeed seemed destined to a mission which, had it been carried to fulfilment, might well have changed the face of Germany, have turned the current of German social and political evolution, and so have altered radically the whole character of European history. But fate willed otherwise; he was to be cut off in his prime, laid low not by any mere physical accident, but by the mysterious working out of his character—a very Hamlet of real life. Let us briefly consider the full story—for only the last act is contained in Meredith's famous "study in a well known story."

Ferdinand Lassalle was born of Jewish parents, comfortably off. He went to the Universities of Breslau and Berlin, where he studied philosophy and imbibed that Hegelianism which was later to color his whole outlook. Later he went to Paris, where he met Heine, who, like Alexander von Humboldt a few years before, recognized the genius, the confidence, and strength of will of this boy of twenty. He was "born to rule," as someone else said at the time. He had, however, on the contrary, become a rebel, and his hatred of injustice and general rebellious spirit had led him to take one of the decisive steps in his career, his undertaking the defence of the Countess Sophie von Hatzfeldt, who had been grievously wronged by her husband. Lassalle afterwards declared that his prolonged, quixotic defence of this lady, which brought him little but financial loss and social ostracism, had been taken as part of his general conflict with the established social order, but it is clear, from the letters between the two which Herr Mayer prints in his fourth volume, that Lassalle had for this woman, considerably his senior, a deep affection, which she reciprocated. It is also made clear, too, for the first time beyond a doubt, first, that the suggestion made by his contemporaries, that more than platonic affection entered little, if at all, into the affair, for apart from one expression of passionate devotion, never satisfied, to which Lassalle gave utterance when he was in prison at Cologne for his share in the 1848 revolutionary agitation, nothing of the kind occurs in any of the correspondence now given to the world; second, that the other contemporary suggestion, namely, that the Countess was intensely jealous of Lassalle's last lover, Helene von Dönniges, and lost her interest in him on her account, is without foundation. The Countess von Hatzfeldt's regard for Lassalle and her profound admiration for his genius persisted after his death and led her to do her best to vindicate his memory.

Whatever the motives for Lassalle's gallantry, however, it is certain that his fate, we might say even the fate of Germany, would have been otherwise had he never met the Countess. Once he was in the thick of his nine-years' fight on her behalf he could think of little else; he wanted to enlist all his friends in her cause, and this led to a cooling of Heine's intimacy with him and, more importantly, sowed the seeds of that distrust between Lassalle and Karl Marx which the former's most authoritative biographer, Professor Hermann Oncken, rightly describes as having had the most profound influence on the German Social Democratic movemet at the critical moment in its progress. Before meeting Marx in 1848 Lassalle had already interested himself in the working-class movement, and he, with Marx, played a prominent part in the revolutionary events of the year of their meeting. Both were arrested, Lassalle was released, Marx had to fly to London. Herr Mayer's third volume, which contains the complete correspondence between the two, provides a fascinating study in the growth of the rift in the lute. It began with Lassalle's endeavor to persuade Marx to assist in the campaign on behalf of the Countess Sophie. Marx refused and although friendly correspondence persisted for some years, Marx showed clearly enough, in his letters to Engels, that Lassalle was for him an academic dreamer, a mere *poseur*. From a temperamental difference grew serious political divergence, so that at the last reconciliation was impossible and all chance of coöperation between the two men who could, united, have made Social Democracy dominant in Germany, was lost. Incidentally, Herr Mayer's third volume reveals what a sound political instinct Lassalle possessed, shows how his profound mistrust of Austria—another point on which he and Marx sharply differed—arose from a most acute political penetration which only the events of the last ten years have fully justified.

The last act of Lassalle's tragi-comedy may best be read, by anyone who comes new to the subject, in George Meredith's celebrated novel. But the actual documents presented by Herr Mayer throw considerable new light on it, and, in particular, reveal how conscious Lassalle was of the fate which had pursued him to the end. At the beginning of the year in which he met his death he was almost an uncrowned king; his agitation among the working-classes had brought him extraordinary popularity and his entry into certain German cities could not have been more enthusiastic had he been a reigning monarch. In addition he had the support of the influential democratic Roman Catholic Bishop, Ketteler, and the culmination of his work as a popular agitator, as a born leader of men, seemed to be at hand. But already the stage was set for the passionate episode which ended his career. He had met Helene von Dönniges, he had pitted himself, with his usual pride and quixotic self-confidence, against the prejudice of her aristocratic parents. It would have been easy for him to have carried Helene off; she was devoted to him, with all the rather naïve, but at that time perfectly sincere hero-worship of a young girl for a romantic genius. But Lassalle's pride forbade this dénouement, and so came the duel with his rival, in which the fatal pistol-shot was fired and an end put prematurely to the career of one of the most remarkable personalities in German modern history. "Nothing that I met in my path," Lassalle sadly remarks in a letter to his intimate friend, Hans von Bülow, "could have brought me down; but a tile falling from the roof—that is something against which one cannot guard oneself."

Foreign Notes

The first volume of what is to be a complete and authoritative edition of the works of Smetana has recently been issued in Prague (State Publishing Office). "Souborna dila B. Smetany, I. Skladby Z. Mladi do R, 1843" (Smetana's Collected Works. I. Juvenile Compositions up to 1843) is edited by Z. Nejedly, and contains chiefly dance music, together with a few impromptus, overtures, and unfinished fragments. The edition when completed ought to prove invaluable for musicians and students of music, for it will represent the first complete collection of the composer's works, some of which have hitherto existed only in manuscript form.

Among recent French publications is an edition, by Philippe Lauer, of Robert de Cleri's "La Conquête de Constantinople" (Paris: Champion), a narrative of rare interest. Robert de Cleri, who died about 1216, was a participant in the Fourth Crusade, and his comments upon the men, events, emotions, and incidents of that dramatic historic episode are set forth with honesty and considerable detail. His chronicle has the fascination of a first-hand account of a stirring adventure.

In his "Pierre de Ronsard, Gentilhomme Vandomois" (Paris: Lemerre) Jean Martellière writes with enthusiasm and presents considerable new material. He is no respecter of traditions, and, indeed, subjects to severe fire some of the previous criticism of Ronsard.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

EDITH WHARTON. By ROBERT MORSS LOVETT. McBride. 1925. $1.

This is an adequate and reliable study of Mrs. Wharton as a writer of fiction. Mr. Lovett emphasizes the moral basis of all her work, her class consciousness, and her excellent sense of form. He maintains also that she is a survivor of Victorianism in that neither her experience nor her art is conscious of the emergence of brute forces struggling for the right to live. He feels that her aloofness from the industrialized America of her own time limits her achievement to studies in a pale aristocracy which she knows, a group of artists and intellectuals who are not very real, and foils drawn from the democracy.

The estimate is just, and his comparisons with her master, Henry James, and Thackeray are excellently made. He allows too little, however, for the charm and interest of her aristocrats. That they are ineffective may make them socially unimportant but has little bearing upon their value for literature. Like the characters of Goldoni, their artistic excellence cannot be measured in terms of social values. Nor does he appreciate the full adroitness of Mrs. Wharton's skilful pen, a triumph of technique which is likely to give some of her stories a place in American literature because of sheer virtuosity.

Judged as a social historian, Mrs. Wharton has the sense of categories which is a first essential in that art, judged as a realist she has the good fortune to attract readers by the essentially romantic circumstances of her characters and then educate them in psychological truth, judged as an American figure she has given us not, to be sure, the America we know best and which means most for the America of the future, but, as no one else, the failing grasp of our most civilized upon what was to prove an exotic civilization.

Fiction

THE BITTER COUNTRY. By ANITA PETTIBONE. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

Handicapped by such foundations, as are herein laid down, upon which to build a novel, an author's chances for successful achievement are almost hopeless, and Miss Pettibone has been unequal to a performance of the miraculous. Her romance tells of the love a young school teacher bears for a stalwart Finnish-American whom she meets in a lumber and salmon fishing settlement of the Columbia River country. The heroine's efforts to Americanize the stolid and uncouth Finns are less fruitful than her gift for winning personal popularity. After they have experienced the usual processes of mutual misunderstanding, heartaches, and repressed longings, the two young people are left in blissful contemplation of their wedding. Almost continually a pot of venerable bones is kept boiling, and they are served to the reader cold, bare of meat, without any subtlety of seasoning. At rare intervals, when the author is not dealing with pseudo-heroics and sham emotions, one meets passages of a faithful and rugged realism. These happier qualities are also successfully evident in her distinctive creation of the vast background, the dark immensity of the forest which enters into and dominates the stressful lives of toiling people who draw from its fertile depths a hard-won and meager sustenance.

MR. KELLO. By IAN FERGUSON. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Using as a starting point an entry in Lamont's Diary for 1570, Ian Ferguson renders purely pictorial what might have been an excellent study of the psychology of religious fanaticism. This story of the Rev. John Kello, who appears to have been one of the more celebrated witch hunters of sixteenth century Scotland, is frankly melodrama. Mr. Ferguson is the author of "The Philosophy of Witchcraft" and probably knows thoroughly the period of which he writes. He is to be congratulated upon not having cumbered his narrative with tiresome details and upon having made his characters and their time live once more with a fair degree of success.

In spite of the fact that the author is very adroit in attaining his fictional ends it cannot be denied that the story is much overdrawn in many spots and that almost invariably he claims too great powers for many of his characters. But the book's good points are more than its bad ones. It is decidedly diverting and decidedly effective, especially if the reader's critical sense be not too well developed.

LORDS OF ACADIA. By H. J. CHAPMAN. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

Since the days of Cooper, whose faults, certainly, are too well-known at present to require cataloguing here, very few writers, if any, have written acceptable fiction of the English-French-Indian hostilities of the latter part of the seventeenth century. But this lack is no excuse for such a novel as "Lords of Acadia," for which the only appropriate adjective is "absurd." The story is a compound of supernaturally noble and supernaturally villainous men and women, of ridiculously improbably situations that do not deserve the respectable characterization of "romantic," and of the most pompously funny dialogue conceivable.

THE CHASE. By MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES Putnam's. 1925. $2.

Those who encouraged Mollie Panter-Downes, an English girl of seventeen, to secure publication for "The Chase", her second novel, were unwise. The tale is superficially facile, but at bottom it is little better than sugary milk and water. Only the most unsophisticated novel-readers will find it palatable. Miss Panter-Downes should wait until she has something to say to the adult world before she commits to print additional material. Sentimental appreciation of her supposed precocity is no kindness.

The most famous poem about the Battle of Bunker Hill is "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Houghton Mifflin Company will publish this in a little book lavishly illustrated by Howard Pyle to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

THE MYSTERY OF REDMARSH FARM. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

The plot of "The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm" is halting and diffuse, moving in Archibald Marshall's characteristically slow measure. This tempo is ill suited to a novel that aspires to the dignity of a full-fledged mystery tale. Only with great difficulty can the reader follow the story to its end; improbabilities and needless prolongations of artificial situations tax his patience severely. The love story, woven loosely into the main narrative, is, because of its obvious mechanics, unworthy of the author. There is little in this novel to remind Archibald Marshall's admirers of the excellent work he has done in the past.

BURNED EVIDENCE. By MRS. WILSON WOODROW. Putnam. 1925. $2.

This is a thoroughly first rate detective story, rapid, absorbing, and credible. What matter if three or four points in the course of the tale are slightly obscure? The reader is so carried along by the threads of the plot that he doesn't really care. From first page to last there is never a halt in the crescendo of the action; the story ends, not with pages of dull explanation, but with a smart "click," precisely at the point where the interest is most intense. In many ways this novel is original; each of these departures from the common run is one more reason for the unquestioned success of the book.

Told in the first person by a young lawyer, the plot is of an heiress whose granfather has been murdered as the initial step in a remarkable blackmailing scheme. The frustration of this conspiracy forms the rest of the story. The characters are drawn to the life, the situations are believable, the progress of the incidents logical and orderly. Mrs. Woodrow's novel will delight lovers of mystery and adventure. Written with rare vigor, balance, and charm, "Burned Evidence" places its author among the foremost contemporary writers of detective stories.

THE SINS OF SAINT ANTHONY. By CHARLES COLLINS. Covici. 1925. $2.50.

Although this book is described in the sub-title as a collection of "tales of the theatre," the theatre forms no more than a shadowy background for most of the stories, and in one or two instances it is scarcely visible even as a background. The title piece, for example, has nothing whatever to do with the theatre except for the casual and merely incidental introduction of one or two chorus girls; and one or two of the other narratives are almost as far re-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Anchorite and Other Stories

By C. A. KINCAID. $1.00.

The following stories are with one exception based upon facts that have come under my notice while sessions judge in India or have been related to me by friends as their true experience. One story only is entirely fiction. I shall leave it to my readers to decide which it is.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

moved from the footlights. This, however, is scarcely a cause for regret, since the author has made his tales invariably interesting, sometimes illuminating, and occasionally amusing; and whether one be reading "The Pride of Iris," or "When Marcia Fell," one is certain to find material for whiling away an hour or two in pleasant and amiable company.

THE BEST LOVE STORIES OF 1924. Edited by MURIEL MILLER HUMPHREY. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

There is a curious hiatus here between the anthologists's introductory remarks and her illustrative material. She begins with a rather interesting disquisition on the new morality which, she affirms, has come to govern the divers love-relations of humanity; she believes that an evolving tradition of individualism, "the new honesty," is doing away with the ideal of self-sacrifice for love—that, happily, "love is developing beyond the stage of the suttee." However, the stories which she has chosen to indicate the reflection in contemporary light letters of this extremely stimulating and debatable point of view bear remarkably little relation to it. They have been culled from a widely catholic field, bounded on one side by *Brief Stories* and on the other by *The Atlantic Monthly*, but they are, in the main, typical, characterless, formula narratives. Most of them express the tinny, manufactured optimism which is the staple offering of the mass of magazine fiction. Of the others, Henry Meade Williams' "Tides," a sketch in one mood, is simply and well done; Elizabeth J. Coatworth's "The Man Who Loved Wild Animals" is a welcome flash of irony; and Nathan Asch's "Gertrude Donovan," which shows a gift for realistic detail, fails by reason of its preposterous central psychology.

TEMESCAL. By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS. Houghton, Mifflin. 1925. $2.

Mr. Knibbs writes with engaging fluency of Mexico in the last days of Porfirio Diaz, of soldados, bandidos, mozos, arroyos, haciendas and senoritas, all contributing their dash of local color to the exploits of the irresistible Don Ricardo Rayon, or, to use his working pseudonym, Temescal. In reality, the figure of the latter is that of a pompous stuffed shirt out of comic opera, equipped with an inexhaustible gift for bluffing, cajoling or bullying his inferiors into slavish devotion. He is entirely too garrulous and infallible even for this chronicle of what the blurbologist terms his "epic deeds," which turn out to be merely a repetition of unexciting contests with knives, pistols and carbines. Temescal invariably emerges unscratched, a button perhaps missing from his jacket, while the dead and dying are heaped around him. This sort of thing, in spite of the fuss that seems to be going on most of the time, grows monotonous when there is no indication of plot development perceptible as the pages slip behind one. The absence of so vital an element renders Mr. Knibbs's otherwise skilful production an unsatisfying and tedious book.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SINGING WALLS. By WILLIAM AVERILL STOWELL. Appleton. 1925. $2.

"Those damned authors who write crook stories give me a pain," says the fat police Captain who takes part in this mystery yarn, adding, ungallantly, "They're mostly females anyhow and don't know no more about real crime than I do about feeding babies." Perhaps this is not much like the general run of "real crime" but it makes a nice crime just the same, differing from the stock pattern in that most of the first murder is "pulled off" in full view of the audience, nearly all the actors being present when the aged millionaire uncle is shot, though all the innocent spectators, including the reader, remain ignorant as to who fired that shot—a neat bit of narrative prestidigitation. Being the uncle of a heroine of course he was doomed, but he took more killing than most uncles require. All hands at once go a-detecting since, obviously, the murderer is among those present: it develops into an exciting run around, enlivened by a second murder during the hunt. The actors, especially the police and the private detectives, are rather more alive and well drawn than is common in such stories, although the women are puppets. It might also be objected that no real clew is given as to the identity of the murderer: the solution pops up jack-in-the-box fashion, yet there is, in this case, some excuse for that expedient in the rather unusual construction of the plot. Anyhow, it holds one's interest well and the writer's manner is pleasing.

Juvenile

IMAGINA. By JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM and LAUREN FORD. Dutton. 1924. $2.

This charming story of childhood certainly deserves a place on the same shelf with "The Little Lame Prince"; "At the Back of the North Wind"; "The Princess and the Goblin," and those rare books which show sympathy and insight for the secret questionings of youth.

Rex, the little hero, is a thoughtful, fanciful boy living a lonely life in a great white castle presided over by two faithful caretakers, Dame and Timothy. But Rex does not know that he is lonely, for with his dog Kit he has adventures aplenty. These are not, however, concerned with pirate crews or redskin bands or even with other small boys of his own age. They are the more wonderful inner adventurings of a growing mind and heart, eager to respond to all that is most beautiful in wood or field or the dim-lit rooms of an old, old house.

To read of Rex's discovery of the hidden room where his absent father's books live on their shelves, and where hangs the picture of the lady smiling at the baby in her arms, is to feel again the miraculous wonder of childhood. To watch him painting his first crude pictures is to experience anew the mysterious ecstacy of early inspiration. And then there is Imagina herself,—a lovely, baffling, merry little girl, whose gay presence seems curiously part of the sunny patch of woodland where she and Rex meet and play and exchange views upon the world.

It is this mood of simple gaiety, tinged with unconscious wistfulness, that makes the book more appealing to older readers than to children. But children will enjoy it, too, in their own way, and they cannot but delight in Arthur Rackham's two enchanting colored pictures and the many quaint, black and white child studies made by the author's daughter, Lauren Ford.

ELF KING'S FLOWERS. By AUNT SADIE (Sarah Phelps Stokes Halkett). Dutton. 1924. $2.

Such an attractively bound and printed book, with a charming frontispiece in color by Katherine Pyle, deserves a better text than these verses of Aunt Sadie's. Flowers, Elves, Fairies, and Children—when have they not been the subjects for poems of enchantment, beauty, frail nonsense, or piquant fancy? But here the magic is missing. We distinctly feel the author writing for her "child readers," and not because the fancies "tapped at her forehead" as Hans Anderson said his fairy tales must before they could be written. A child who has been fortunate enough to know William Allingham's "Up the Airy Mountain";

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Miscellaneous

THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH. Compiled by F. G. FOWLER and H. W. FOWLER. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.50.

This little book is an abridgement of the excellent Concise Oxford Dictionary, and, like its parent, and its grandparent, the great Oxford dictionary, is especially strong in clear illustration of the usage of English speech. A few changes of method in the interest of simplification have been introduced, and a number of new words and senses added, especially from the rich linguistic fruits of the war. The C. O. D. is the best of all working dictionaries for the writer, and this briefer and amended condensation is likely to prove even more useful as a source of that elementary information which most of us seek when we turn to a dictionary. Is it not possible to have an American edition of this, or the C. O. D., which might take account of spellings and usages upheld by the best sanctions on this side of the water? Not even the most bigoted scholar now regards the American language as an inferior dialect to be kept out of books of reference, and yet in many instances the differences are so considerable as to make a merely English dictionary unsatisfactory for Americans on occasions, especially for use in school and college. The word "through," for example, in one of its commonest American senses, does not appear in this dictionary; and under "town," the New England use of the word, which alone can explain the highly significant "town meeting," is not included; while "township, one of the parishes into which a large original parish has been divided, (U. S. & Can.) piece of land 6 m. square" will not be recognized as a definition by U. S. whatever Can. may say to it.

BROADCASTING; ITS NEW DAY. By SAMUEL L. ROTHAFEL and RAYMOND FRANCIS YATES. Century. 1925. $2.

This is a brisk entertaining little book, non-technical and in a popular tone, which seems to be the first addressed to the broadcast listener rather than the set-building enthusiast. Radio-broadcasting, following closely the development of the vacuum tube, has had a mushroom growth since the experimental programs of 1921 until today the investment, the cost of operating the five-hundred and more stations in this country, and the number of listeners can be expressed only in terms of millions. Naturally, a serious proportion of the time and money expended represents wasteful and worthless effort. But indubitably the programs have a firm hold on the public fancy and not a few are as commendable within their natural limitations as a high grade musical or dramatic production.

The popular "Roxy," whose voice has heralded a pleasant Sunday evening for many hearers, with his collaborator, has discussed most of the problems of broadcasting which would be intelligible to his audience, while even such highly technical features as radio-vision and the make-up of the receiving set of the future are outlined. At the price of a light novel and of much more substantial merit than many such, the book deserves the popularity which the number of its potential readers would indicate. If the authors' endeavor to promote a more clear understanding of the tremendous possibilities of radio broadcasting and to foster an intelligent discrimination in its artistic aspects is successful, it will be the only radio book to date which costs the reader no more than the purchase price and brings him any considerable degree of permanent, intangible benefit.

SAFEGUARDING CHILDREN'S NERVES. By JAMES J. WALSH, M. D. AND JOHN A. FOOTE, M. D. Lippincott. 1924. $2.

The authors have announced their purpose in writing this book as follows: "We have attempted here to summarize what we believe should and should not be done as a means to upbuild or restore the mental and nervous health of the infant and the child." The recently developed movement aimed at securing mental health for the nation, has emphasized (or reemphasized) the necessity for beginning preventive measures very early in the life of an individual. Some writers maintain that the foundations of mental health are laid in the first six weeks of life. The circle appears to be a vicious one, however, for when the effective period for preventive measures is found to be infancy or early childhood, one is forced to rely upon an adult, the parent, to carry out a constructive preventive program. Even minor degrees of mental ill-health or lack of emotional control in the parent may make such a program difficult of fulfilment.

Dr. Walsh and Dr. Foote, in one of the best of a number of books inspired by the above facts have attempted to gather together suggestions valuable to the parent who is attempting to make the best possible use of the pre-school period of a child's life with respect to habit formation. Certain suggestions deal with measures necessary to start an infant with a clean slate as far as habits are concerned. But the major portion of the book is concerned with methods that parents should avoid (and the reasons for avoidance are ably set forth), or with effective methods of overcoming unfortunate habits or tendencies. Behavior instances quoted are sufficiently explicit to make the theory easily comprehensible but not so specific as to make it seem applicable only in a highly specialized set of circumstances.

The aptly chosen quotations at the beginnings of chapters, as well as the authorities quoted in the text, some dated as early as the second century A. D. remind us that ours is not the first age that has striven for mental health, nor the first to feel that efforts at improvement must be centered about children, though the terminology used in discussing the subject has differed from age to age.

A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by *Henry George Liddell* and *Robert Scott*. New edition. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THIS PASSION CALLED LOVE. By *Elinor Glyn*. Authors' Press. $1.98.

BURTON THE ANATOMIST. Edited by *G. C. F. Mead* and *R. C. Clift*. Doran. $2.

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE LAW RELATING TO TRADE-MARKS. By *Frank I. Schechter, M. D.* Columbia University Press. $6.

THE PROBLEM CHILD IN SCHOOL. By *Mary B. Sayles* and *Howard W. Nudd*. New York: Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency.

POPULATION. By *A. M. Carr-Saunders*. Oxford University Press. $1.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN HUMOR IN PROSE AND VERSE. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.50.

THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY. Based on the great Oxford English Dictionary. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

Poetry

THE LETTERS OF GLAUCON AND SARAI. And other poems. By DAVID P. BERENBERG. Northampton, Mass.: Norman Fitts. 1924. $1.50.

Mr. Fitts, as editor of that charmingly combative little magazine, S4N, and as occasional publisher of disturbing books, has built up a reputation for taste in type and paper which Mr. Berenberg's volume of poems amply confirms. The contents of Mr. Berenberg's offering are, however, another matter. The longer piece purports to be an exchange of letters between a pair of lovers who lived in the village of Tiberias on the shores of Galilee and were friends of Yeshua, or Jesus. The man, Glaucon, is in Athens, and the girl, Sarai, still in Tiberias. Their interchanges are in a variant of the blank verse line. Mr. Berenberg's blank verse line does not indicate a sufficiently supple mastery of the difficult normal form to justify his experiments in modification of it. His cadence is apt to swing so fluidly that one expects it to jingle, or else to slow down so lamentably that it becomes merely maladroit prose. His pictures are a little inclined, not only toward the obvious, but to patent echoes of every other poet's vision of the sorrows of life. And almost the sole contribution to the ever-fertile theme of Jesus is that his childhood was under the shadow of dubious parentage.

Among the poems in the second section, one, "Pilate and Jesus," is in that syncopated meter which Vachel Lindsay so deliciously made his own. There are several sonnets in a strain of wistful bitterness, somewhat cheapened by "strong" disgusts, such as:

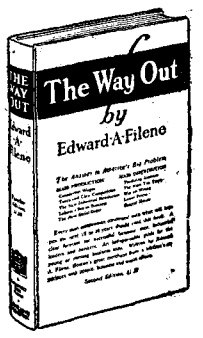
Don't let me spoil your pleasure in the show,—
For me my vision of the long ago.

Occasional phrases have an authentic singing quality. Several lyrics, notably "The Shunamite," and "Ruth to Boaz," are quite charming. On the whole, however, the volume is undistinguished.

CROSSES OF GOLD. By *Caresse Crosby*. Paris: Messein.

COLLECTED POEMS. By *Maurice Baring*. London: Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

THE AWAKENING AND OTHER POEMS. By *Don Marquis*. Doubleday, Page. $2.



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Points of View

As to Guedalla

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of May 30, Mr. M. R. Werner criticizes rather harshly the essays of Philip Guedalla, especially "Supers and Supermen." His contention is that "by writing that excellent study of Napoleon III, 'The Second Empire,' Mr. Philip Guedalla made two reputations for himself; one reputation as a brilliant historian, and the other as a wit," and that ever since "Mr. Guedalla has been exploiting the second reputation for all it was worth to newspapers and magazines." Mr. Werner then declares that "Supers and Supermen" is a particular example of the sort of thing which Philip Guedalla has been imposing on the public thanks to "the unfortunate privilege of writing whatever he pleased every week." There is only one defect in Mr. Werner's theory, and that is that it does not correspond with the facts. "Supers and Supermen" is Mr. Guedalla's first book. It was published in 1920, long before "The Second Empire," and is actually the work upon which he established his reputation as a wit. The essays in it, which were published, not every week, but at intervals, in London periodicals, made Philip Guedalla's name even before the book appeared.

ERNEST BOYD.

On the Glimerick

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I commenced reading with great relish your leader of May 23d in the *Saturday Review*. I refer to your article on the trends in publishing as indications of the decadence of American public taste. I approved entirely of your initial premise, which seemed to me well taken. I read along with that delight one experiences in finding one's convictions sustained by so eminent a person as the writer in the *Saturday Review*. But, Sir, fancy the shock, the amazement, the chagrin I experienced, when I found my creation—the glimerick—held up to contumely, displayed as a horrible example—the third, and apparently, the most damning evidence of the public's degradation. You spoke of straws. Was this then, the straw that broke the editor's back?

Surely, Sir, a book so carefully documented, one annotated in so scholarly a fashion, merited better than this. If the glimerick is illegitimate, as you imply, at least its parent the limerick is orthodox.

My first impulse was to prepare an answer, an excoriating one, for you must know, Sir, we Witherspoons are a bellicose race. But reason rescued me from such an indiscretion. I should have called it "Tasmanian Bards and New York Reviewers." I say reason rescued me. For it was inconceivable that the inclusion of the glimerick in your category of horrors was intentional. I am secure now in the belief that it was a mistake, one that you regret probably even more poignantly than I.

Submerging my interests in view of the larger issues, I hasten to add my modicum of cheer to your stock of optimism. I should not be so let down because of the public's stupidity. Possibly you have never known just what to expect of the public. You speak of it as something immortal, a majority of people constantly developing. When one considers that the individuals composing it take all of the span allotted man to attain the common level of the culture and that each new generation goes through the same process, over and over, why do you expect the public as a public to go either backward or forward? All movement, you will agree, is relative. The reviewers et al are the background against which you measure the public's motion, I take it. They are moving too, *n'est ce pas?* So what we have is the whole scene shifting. Whether the one part, the public, varies its ratio of movement to the other, the cultured, is the question that bothers you. Nothing I have read or experienced indicates that it does or ever has.

Don't you think, Sir, that there were always earnest persons who suffered because the public was the public? And don't you think that as they grew older in experience and knowledge this suffering abated, especially when they came to realize that it had always been so, and being so was a matter of no moment. Also, there must have been other persons, surely, who knew this and took advantage of it with malice prepense. And without damage to their taste for the finer things publics have always neglected. And don't you suppose the *Saturday Reviews* of those days suffered as you do? There have always been and always will be those who cannot bear

—To think that two and two are four
And neither five nor three
The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be.

Respectfully,
SHAEMAS J. A. WITHERSPOON.
New York City

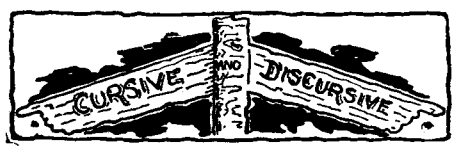
Doubts His Death

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

My client, Mr. Henry G. Aikman, has referred to me you issue of May 9th, on page two of which Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn speaks of him as "the late Henry G. Aikman."

If this were merely a matter of critical opinion, Mr. Aikman would be the first to admit that Mr. Lewisohn was right; but the issue being one of fact, Mr. Aikman wishes me to say that he is very much inclined to doubt that he is dead.

HAROLD H. ARMSTRONG.



CURIOUS things, notebooks! In our time we have kept innumerable notebooks. But what good did they ever do us. Recently, at a time of great financial stringency, we came across a notebook of ours plainly labelled on the outside, "Finances." Ha! thought we, probably an opening of this notebook will shame us by the revelation of old budgeting plans long since fallen into desuetude,—or, we mused more hopefully, perhaps it may acquaint us with unrealized resources that we have overlooked. In this latter optimistic spirit we opened it. It was an ordinary Stenographers' Notebook with ruled pink lines. We searched diligently through it. Every single one of its pages was a perfect and immaculate blank. It exactly reflected, in other words, the true state of our finances. But—had we intended this prophetic jest when, by pencilling its title on the outside, we signified our intention of keeping more in touch with our income and outgo? No, we fear we had not foreseen the rather grisly spoof. We had merely signified an economical intention. But, unfortunately, the very act of signifying had removed from our consciousness the necessity for making any entries. It is often so with notebooks!

There were years when we "were keeping a diary." Our diaries went the same road. The heartening knowledge that we were "keeping a diary" lasted us long after the diary itself had been lost in some cubbyhole of our desk. Regaining the light of day again, at long last, it confronted us merely with several sporadic entries, with—again—the signifying of an excellent intention. And, again, the mere act of signifying that intention had furnished a spiritual inflation that long survived the almost instantaneous dereliction of performance.

Yet this situation has not been absolute with us! Here, for instance, is another resurrected notebook. It is a leather-covered "Excelsior Diary of 1909," containing the printed Church Calendar of 1909, a record of the Eclipses of 1909, a complete printed and illustrated general calendar, and some almanac data. There are, for instance, some complex interest tables, values of foreign coins (the Mark, we note, was then 0.23.8), some "Valuable Information for Business Men," and a table of "Income on Stocks," for none of which facts or figures have we ever had the slightest use.

Further on, however, our own entries begin. The first is a carefully transcribed quotation from Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "A Fountain Sealed." It is blurred. It was written out in lead-pencil. Then there are several similarly transcribed quotations from a now discredited philosopher, one Rudolph Eucken. There is a clipped saying of Emerson's beginning, "Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth."

That isn't bad! Then there is an anecdote about George Moore and several quotations from Cardinal Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius." Whence we come upon a description quoted from who-knows-where of "that Gades on the shore of the sea into which the sun went down," which "was especially zealous in the worship of Melkarth." This is followed by a description of Tarshish, "its fountains rooted in silver, making new tackle of silver for the first discovering ship." Once, we read on, the forests had been burned, melted by an enormous fire. "Every hill and mountain became a heap of gold and silver . . . tunnies and Tartessian muraena, shell-fish and purple-fish . . . the ebb and flow of the tide brought these up on the beach." That really enchanted us, written in the round hand that was then ours, and on the following pages we read of Istar, the Assyrian goddess of battles, of the doves of Bilit, of Eglon, King of Moab, Sisera, at the brook Kishon, and the Invasion of Midian.

All of which reminded us that we had once been enthralled by the bloody splendor of the Old Testament and all that thereto appertained.

Come notes for a play and a story, together with the startling information that the second-year salmon is known as a "smolt," that Goethe said of Byron, "sobald er reflectirt, ist er ein Kind," and that, according to local belief, Ephesus was the last home of the Virgin, who was lodged near the city by St. John, and there died.

Good Heavens! What were we adoing of, collecting all this, and carefully writing it down? But such are notebooks! And, on the whole, when one finds anything in them, they can furnish a few moments of not discreditable disport! W. R. B.

Drawn by Johan Bull for THE FORUM

Mr. Bryan Speaks to Darwin!

The right to freedom of thought is on trial. The theory of evolution has ceased to be a matter for mere academic discussion. Opposition to this explanation of the descent of man is threatening the very principles upon which the nation was founded.

The strength of the militant anti-evolutionists has been dramatically demonstrated by the anti-evolution law passed by the legislature of Tennessee. The issue is joined and within the month the little town of Dayton, Rhea County, Tennessee (Pop. 1920, 1710) will be the scene of a fierce legal controversy.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is the accepted leader of the anti-evolutionists. However one may regard his opinions, he represents a powerful group which can no longer be ignored. It becomes imperative to at least understand his point of view.

In the July FORUM, MR. BRYAN explains his position and reveals the working of a mind convinced that evolution is a myth. This article is by way of answer to PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRCHILD OSBORN'S challenge in the June FORUM on behalf of the evolutionists.

The Literary Editor of THE FORUM, who has recently returned from a trip to the scene of battle in Tennessee, contributes interesting observations upon the impending trial of J. T. Scopes. THE FORUM predicts that Mr. Scopes will be found guilty and fined $100.00.

The publishers will enter introductory subscriptions—4 months for $1.00—and while the limited supply lasts a copy of the June issue containing PROFESSOR OSBORN'S article will be included without extra charge.

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The Doctrine of

EVOLUTION

By Henry Edward Crampton

Professor of Zoology in Columbia University

Pp. ix + 320. $2.50

A complete outline in simple language of the whole doctrine of evolution and of its assured basis in fact. It also deals with the physical and mental evolution of the human species in particular. Social evolution and the development of the higher human characteristics are described.

Used as a reference book in numerous colleges and schools. It was chosen from among many by Japanese scientists for translation into Japanese, and it is also used in European countries. It was one of the few references cited by James Harvey Robinson in "Mind in the Making."

Extracts from Reviews

"It is the best book yet published for those who wish to see what biology has to offer as a basis of or supplement to social studies."—*The Annals of the American Academy.*

"For the general reader who wishes to gain an accurate idea of the present status of scientific beliefs as to evolution, no book yet published will be found so useful."—*Educational Review.*

"It deserves a place in the first rank of the books which introduce the general reader to the great principles and facts of evolution."—*Nature Study Review.*

"His work has the unusual distinction of being practically the only authoritative treatise on evolution in which every word can be read and appreciated by the non-technical reader."—*The Herald Examiner.*

"Nowhere is to be found in so good a form the present knowledge and theory of evolution."—*Journal of Education.*

"Dr. Crampton's new book furnishes excellent reading, is crammed full of interesting examples, and is scientific and scholarly as far as it goes. To many people it will furnish just the introduction to the study of evolution that they need."—*The Independent.*

"Nothing is stated which has not the sanction of high authority as well as that of the author's conviction."—*The Montreal Gazette.*

"Authoritative and clear, and presents the essentials in a straightforward way calculated to catch and hold the reader's interest.—*The Dial.*

"Certainly the author has succeeded admirably in putting a difficult and much misunderstood theory clearly before his readers, and he has set forth an immense number of unfamiliar, interesting scientific facts."—*The Indianapolis News.*

"A compact array of facts, an apt use of illustration and analogy as argument, and a bold and logical marshalling of the evidences for the doctrine are the strong features of the book."—*The Living Age.*

"Out of its simplicity and scope this volume makes a most useful study for the average reader and student."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"This volume presents the theory in a popular form, but nevertheless carefully and precisely. It makes very interesting reading, even for one with no previous knowledge of the subject."—*The Boston Globe.*

AT BOOKSTORES

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM INDIA. By MRS. ELIZA FAY (Harcourt, Brace).

THE CRAZY FOOL. By DONALD OGDEN STEWART (A. & C. Boni).

THE PUBLIC LIFE. By J. A. SPENDER (Stokes).

Several correspondents, among them A. F. H., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; D. M. T., Syracuse, N. Y., and S. W., Los Angeles, Cal., have been asking in the last few weeks for books by which they may keep up with late developments in child psychology, hygiene, and the like, especially in the pre-school period. Some of these inquirers are teachers, more parents; this list of new books has been assembled with a view to getting the results of scientific investigation over to the layman.

THERE would be, I think, something seriously the matter with any middle-aged person who could not find entertainment, enlightenment, and inspiration somewhere in the many pages of William Stern's "Psychology of Early Childhood" (Holt). It is based on study of his own three children, conducted by modern methods and reinforced by other such recorded studies, but he manages to keep a parental warmth along with his ethnological enthusiasms. "The Challenge of Childhood," by Ira S. Wile, M. D. (Seltzer), is even more moving; indeed it is a book impossible to read quite unmoved. These are studies in personality and behavior of fifty children of varying degrees of slight or serious maladjustment, physical, intellectual, emotional, and social. They come before the reader as they might in real life—the boys overshadowed by brilliant younger brothers, the girl who would draw pictures of brides, Julian the rebel, and stormy Pietro, children with backs against the wall, blindly trying to fight their way with their own weapons—and by no means all of them fighting against poverty. Books like these humble the pride of the aged: what a time children have had of it anyway, trying to make way against an adult world!

"The Mental Growth of the Pre-School Child" (Macmillan), by Arnold Gesell, director of the psycho-clinic at Yale, is an outline of psychological development from birth to the sixth year, with a system of diagnosis. It is a textbook, but the tests will be of inexhaustible interest to any mother—especially to mothers of twins—and the concluding chapters lead into matters of importance in guidance, placement, and adoption of children. "Mental Growth and Development of Children in Relation to Rate of Growth in Bodily Development," by Buford J. Johnson of Johns Hopkins (Dutton), is but just published; it is the result of five years observation and study of children between the ages of two and eleven, conducted with the Bureau of Educational Experiments, New York City.

Two textbooks for normal schools I have been lately reading with as much interest as any story-book: "The Child's Mind and the Common Branches," by Daniel Welford La Rue (Macmillan), and "Special Talents and Defects," by Leta Hollingworth (Macmillan). The former is a detailed course of study in methods of forming bonds, connections; children so trained have a chance of being "close-coupled." Mrs. Hollingworth's book is almost a pioneer work on the nature of capacities and their relationship, as applied to teaching children reading, spelling, and arithmetic, and in dealing with drawing and music. The Bad Speller has his day in court, and the drawing chapter is admirably illustrated. "Beginning the Child's Education," by Ella Frances Lynch (Harper), is a type of book for which mothers so often ask me, a guide that mothers of children not yet ready to go to school, or living at a distance from schools for little children can use so to direct work and play that the first years in the schoolroom will be abridged or at least lightened. This is told as the record of a "typical three-year-old."

For physical health new guides continue to compete with Holt and Kerley; there is a chapterful of them in my "Guide Book." Since the death of Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Dodd, Mead has published under the title "The Happy Baby" contributions of four famous baby-doctors that appeared in the department edited by Dr. Holt in the *Delineator.* The dietary advice in this goes through the period of early childhood. "From Infancy to Childhood," by Richard M. Smith, M. D., has just come from the Atlantic Monthly Press; concise, conservative, but not old-fashioned, it covers routine and emergencies in the ordinary nursery in the smallest number of pages of any of them. "Child Hygiene," by Dr. S. Josephine Baker (Harper), is more detailed, and covers the field through school age; it is indeed a comprehensive survey of the whole subject.

Looking once more through the books that have been piling up beside me as I make this list, I am impressed with the insistence, especially in the textbooks and scientific studies, on the importance of studying, of training, of developing children one by one, as individuals, however they are related to the social mass. This has been said often enough, one would think—unless it be remembered that the natural tendency of one who teaches a class of children is to come at last to think of children as a class. There should be, I think, a window-box of striped grass in every schoolroom, a silent reminder.

Bringing up a child, or being among those present while your child brings himself to the age of 21, confers upon the parent the right to give advice on how to do it. Mine is simple enough. Enjoy them. I think this would solve more problems in more everyday homes than any other advice of equal length. Strange to say, it is the last thing that seems to occur to some anxious mothers. If a child says or does something not said or done by every other child on the block, instead of just enjoying it, they automatically do their best to see that it does not occur again. If such could read Pamela Grey's delicious book, "The Sayings of the Children" (Stokes), life might be quite different. She has recorded all sorts of things said by her five children (she is Lady Grey of Falloden), some poetic and some prosaically direct, reports on a new world by eyes unclouded by souvenirs, minds unencumbered by compromise. If people but realized what they miss the chance to learn by trying always to teach children before the age of three!

But should there be anyone in the world who does not enjoy little children at all, and mistrust from what I have been writing that he may be missing a trick, A. A.

(*Continued on next page*)

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If anyone shows a desire to interrupt, wave the intruder aside. At all costs keep on talking, and your social career is made forthwith.

"But," you may object, "where am I to find so much to say?"

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S. R. 6-20

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Milne is the one to set his feet in the right way. He knows how to enjoy little children. There is something uncanny in the perfection that has dogged the progress of his "When We Were Very Young" (Dutton). He writes, to begin with, the best book of verses in English about children for children and grown-ups. (They are so different from Stevenson's that there is no point in comparing them, but if the "Child's Garden" must be kept at the head of the field, Milne's book is the runner-up.) Then they find an illustrator, Ernest H. Shepard, who does for them what Phiz did for Boz. And now he has gone over the edge of possibility, and the man who has set fourteen of them to music, H. Fraser-Simson, has matched the pictures and the poems with a setting not only as good but good in just the same way. The book, with all three, poems, pictures and music, is "Fourteen Songs from When We Were Very Young" (Dutton); begin on the first page with the one about the great big rubber boots and sigh a great sigh of peace—the rest are even better.

Come to think of it, Mr. Milne has had good collaboration from the start. Look

All the songs can be played by any mother who plays at all. His most subtle effects are the simplest, like the loving intervals in the melody of the dormouse's christening, or the device by which four bars give the effect of a street-fair in "Market at Christopher Robin.
Square."

F. W. P., Newark, N. J., asks for advice on parties and outdoor entertainments for young people of high school age in the city in the summer.

"PARTIES for All Occasions," by Claire Wallis and Nellie Ryder Gates (Century), goes through the year: the summer parties would do very well for this purpose, and the book is meant for girls and boys, more especially the former, in their teens. The entertainments, decorations and general details are new and vivacious but not elaborate or expensive. The books of Edna Geister are always good for such uses; "The Fun Book" (Doran) goes through the year, stunts and games according to temperature, surroundings and occasions. *An invaluable companion for Scout leaders* of boys and girls, "Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts," by Charles F. Smith (Dodd, Mead), has plenty of help for outdoor entertaining, especially in the section on dramatics by Helen Ferris. Miss Ferris's "Producing Amateur Entertainments" (Dutton) is another book full of ideas for stunts and games; a suburban church raising money in the summer would do well to use it.

TWO correspondents, in Ashland, Wis., and in Baltimore, tell me to add to the list about doctors in literature "Post Mortem," by Charles MacLaurin (Doran), Australian professor of clinical surgery. This is a brilliant set of sketches of historical headlights, like Theodora, Anne Boleyn, Don John, and the Pepyses, with regard to what ailed them and how it influenced history and literature. This has just been followed by his "Mere Mortals" (Doran), sparkling studies in the same manner. Dr. MacLaurin has a genius for titles: this one is even better than the first. From Dr. Johnson to Nietzsche, Elizabeth of England to Marguerite of Valois, their lives now appear to have been spent in giving germs a joy-ride. How much there is left of Henry VIII, for instance, after accounting for his diseases, would hardly make a ripple on history. It is the gayest of books on the gloomiest of subjects.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS, who sent good advice on travel books, adds this: "I am now boning up on the ancient province of Aquitania, including the Pyrenees, in anticipation of spending the summer exploring this district with my car. I find a wealth of literature available, but in every case the old books, the pre-war stuff, are the best. The recent descriptive book of travel seems too superficial, but Belloc, Baring-Gould, and men like that describe the country with such detail, and especially the things the traveler needs to know which it is so difficult to find out, that reading them spreads the pleasure of the trip over all the preceding months. One book I unearthed was 'Across France in a Caravan'; the thing that delighted me most was that they named their van 'The Escargot,' about as delightful a combination of pun and symbolism as I have seen. It would please Mr. Morley, wouldn't it?"

Here is his plan for getting these old and often out-of-print travel books. "I make out my list and send it to the *Publisher's Weekly* for their 'Books Wanted' department: soon after I begin to receive postcards from all over the United States offering copies of the books listed at various prices and in various conditions. I pick out the best offer in each case, send my check and order for the book. That was how I secured so old a book as Katherine McQuoid's 'Normandy.'"

This is old stuff to book-hunters, but I have learned that it will be news to many people who now wish in vain to gather out-of-print favorites.

C. P. W., New York, on behalf of a family, asks for puzzles not crosswords, and any sort of mental amusement involving guessing.

"EVERYBODY's Puzzle Book," by M. V. Worstell (Century), has word-squares, acrostics, transpositions and other letter-puzzles, with a number of riddles; a few of them use pictures, but most of the tests involve letters, words, and quotations. "Brain Tests" (Putnam) has a pencil on the side like the crossword books: these tests involve drawing in the mazes and also in filling in missing words, but the feature is the excellent set of observation tests of every kind. "The World's Best Conundrums and Riddles of All Ages" (Doran) is a household treasure—for the children, that is; adults have been known to take to the woods when the conundrum age breaks upon the household darling. This is the largest book of them that I know, a companion volume to "The World's Best Humorous Anecdotes" (Doran) which also has family usefulness. "The Complete Limerick Book," by Langford Reed (Putnam) has arrived, embellished with drawings by the inimitable Bateman; the best of the lot are those by clergymen, among whom Dean Inge is revealed as a limericker of the most robust quality. Well, perhaps not the very most robust. This will be the only public mention of the book that does not quote from it; the impulse is terrific, but where could one stop? "What Shall We Do Now?" (Stokes) is a compilation of every sort of advice for amusement and occupation that a family on rainy days, holidays or party occasions, in sickness or in health, would like to know; there are even directions for dollhouse carpentry and sewing. For very little children, John Martin's "Handy Hands" (Dodd, Mead) is full of ideas for things to make and do.

E. B. Monticello, Miss., and M. S., New York, ask for a beginner's book on bridge.

RECOGNIZING on the next place-card at dinner lately the name of a noted bridge expert I set this matter before him and he says that the form in which Grace Montgomery's "Modern Auction" (Scribner) is arranged and the elementary matters to which it attends make it clear and plain for a beginner, for whom nothing can be taken for granted. Wilbur Whitehead's "Auction Bridge Standards" (Stokes) is generally considered the most important book we have on the subject: it has been followed by his "Auction Bridge: Authoritative Leads and Conventions of Play" (Stokes), but these are for the more experienced.

F. S., New York, asks if Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four" is still in print.

THE public will not permit this little masterpiece of college spirit and practice go out of print (Macmillan). *W. D. K., Penna.*, asks what German novelists wrote a novel on the Song of Songs. Hermann Sudermann's "Das Hohe Lied" is published by Huebsch in English as "The Song of Songs." *W. E. R., Bridgeport, Conn.*, asks if Thomas Burke who wrote "*Limehouse Nights*" is the same and no other, why isn't he in the British "Who's Who," and if not why the pseudonym? He is Thomas Burke, and if you read his strange and compelling autobiography "The Wind and the Rain" (Doran), you will see how he came to write "Limehouse Nights." As for why anyone isn't, or is, in any reference work, you will have to ask the editor thereof. Nor can I tell *J. E. P., Winthrop, Mass.*, why he met A. Neil Lyons' "Fifty Fifty" remaindered in a drygoods store bargain counter. "Is he not one of the triumphant humorists of the day," he asks, "or am I queer?" If you are, then so am I, so are a group of readers who know what's what. Though triumphant is scarce the word I would think of in connection with any humorist: the best of them have at least a little wistfulness.

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By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE JULIAN EDITIONS.

A NEW series of books, designed especially for the booklover and collector, is to be published by Ernest Benn, Limited of London, under the general title of The Julian Editions. The texts will include original work, reprints of *belles lettres*, and studies in bibliography and typography. The variety of subject affords an unusual opportunity to the typographer, and this important part of the work will be in the hands of Stanley Morison and Frederique Warde, the latter until recently director of the Princeton University Press. The best modern types will be carefully selected, and in some cases new faces will be designed and punches cut by hand expressly for these editions. Only the choicest papers will be used and great care will be given to bindings, in order that they may be original, apropriate, and attractive. All Julian Editions will be printed in a limited number. The greatest care will be given to every detail and it is hoped that the series will make a strong appeal to the lover of fine printing and bookmaking. Among the early publications will be the "Complete Works of Shelley," edited by Roger Ingpen, and containing a considerable amount of unpublished material; a volume of poems written by the late Arthur Clutton Brock; Milton's "Comus," with eight drawings by William Blake, for the most part not published before; and a "Bibliography of the Editions of Jean de Tournes I and II, and "Typographica Ephemerica," illustrating flysheets and broadsides printed between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries. A prospectus, in itself a fine piece of printing, will be sent to all who ask for it.

VOL. XXXVIII OF ENGLISH "BOOK PRICES CURRENT"

THE new volume of the English "Book Prices Current," covering the season from October, 1923, to August, 1924, published by Elliot Stock of London, has just come from the press, a full month earlier than the volume published last year. It covers a careful selection of significant lots of the most important sales in England and America, including the John Quinn sale in this city with its sensational prices for Conrad manuscripts; two parts of the Britwell Court library; the B. B. MacGeorge books; selections from the library of Colonel Sotheby; together with many others of varying importance and interest. The individuality of the important private libraries, hitherto regarded as a very desirable feature, has been abandoned for the greater convenience for reference afforded by listing under a single alphabet. The convenience of the single alphabet has been demonstrated by the American "Book Prices Current," and it has now been recognized by following its lead. A careful study of the prices realized for the season covered by this volume shows that rarities of all kinds were in strong demand and brought good prices. Perhaps the outstanding feature is the popularity of modern first editions. Apparently this line of collecting is bringing many new recruits into the collecting field in England as well as in America.

MAGGS BROTHERS CATALOGUE

THE current catalogue of Maggs Brothers of London, "English Literature and Printing of the 15th to the 18th Century," issued in two parts, is deserving of special mention. Surely such catalogues should not pass unnoticed. This catalogue, Nos. 461 and 462, is a small quarto, 272 pages of text and about 100 full page plates of facsimiles of title pages,frontispieces, manuscripts, and bindings, comprising 1,948 lots, fully described and generally accompanied with exhaustive, scholarly bibliographical notes. The Shakespeariana, for instance, includes an oil painting of Shakespeare, from the J. Heywood Hawkins collection, four copies of the Second Folio, a Third Folio, three copies of the Fourth Folio, some of these being remarkable copies. Then follows about 125 lots of rare Shakespeariana of the greatest interest to the student and collector. No booklover can glance through one of these catalogues without quickly recognizing the great obligation booklovers and collectors are under to Maggs Brothers for the publication of such catalogues. Such bibliographical scholarship and typographical excellence in illustration and printing have never been given to trade publications before. Because these catalogues do not cost a high price doubtless many are not prized as they should be. But we happen to know that many libraries and collectors hold Maggs Brothers catalogues among the most useful of their bibliographical reference works.

FIRST EDITIONS IN DEMAND

THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY has recently been printing a monthly summary of the "want advertisements" inserted in its own columns for the first editions of modern authors, American and English. The fifteen who lead, with figures for "separate titles wanted" are as follows: J. B. Cabell, 25; Henry James, 24; Mark Twain, 22; Gertrude Atherton, 20; H. G. Wells, 17; Conan Doyle, 15; James Stephens, 13; Jack London, 11; Rudyard Kipling, 10; Lafcadio Hearn, 8; James Lane Allen, 8; R. L. Stevenson, 8; James Huneker, 8; H. L. Mencken, 7; and Henry D. Thoreau, 7. Eight of these authors are still living, and five are British. The interest in James Stephens has undoubtedly been augmented by his recent visit here. The death of James Lane Allen was followed by an immediate interest in his writings. There appears to be a steady month-to-month interest in the writings of Emily Dickinson and Stephen Crane. Hawthorne and Poe, whose first editions are popular in the auction room and bring high prices, are unrepresented in the list this month.

NOTE AND COMMENT

E. P. DUTTON & CO. will publish a Century Edition of the writings of George MacDonald in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of his birth.

* * *

A "Check List of Modern Authors," containing 96 pages, including mainly American and English authors of our own time, comes from the Brick Row Book Shop, Inc., of this city. Collectors interested in this field should have this catalogue.

* * *

Dr. Edward Chiera, of the American School of Oriental Research, who has been superintending excavations north of Bagdad, has returned to this country bringing with him more than 1,000 Mittanian clay tablets, dating back 1500 B. C. The opinion of archæologists is that this discovery is one of great importance.

* * *

James W. Ellsworth, who died in Italy a few days ago, was one of the great book collectors of his time. His collection was sold about two years ago and was reported to have brought $450,000. It was rich in incunabula, the rarer items including a copy of the Gutenberg Bible and several fine Caxtons.

* * *

The opinion of collectors here, who knew Amy Lowell well, is that Clement Shorter's statement that her death was due to disappointment at the snarling criticisms of her "Life of Keats" is greatly overdrawn. That she was annoyed at these criticisms was doubtless true, but on the whole she was greatly pleased at the reception given to her biography. She had the pleasure of living to see the first edition go to a premuim, a very unusual thing for a work of its character in a few weeks after its publication.

* * *

The auction season on this side of the Atlantic is rapidly nearing its end. The Anderson Galleries and the American Art Galleries are closed for the season. There will be a few sales yet at the Walpole Galleries in this city, at Heartman's Metuchen, N. J., and at Henkel's in Philadelphia, but these will not be of great importance. In London sales will continue for more than a month.

Students of poetry should find much to interest them in Charles Maurras's "La Intérieure" (Paris: Grasset), not only because M. Maurras sets down there in the preface to his own little distinguished poems some of his heretical beliefs on the art of poetry but because these opening chapters are written with delightful expression and spirit. M. Maurras is indeed an original critic. He maintains that the heritors of the great tradition of classical poetry are not the English and the Germans but the French, that the French are more Greek, despite their notorious ignorance of Greek than the English and Germans with their love for Greek literature, and finally that the genius which cast in the shade such barbarians as Goethe, Shelley, Swinburne, and others, was Papadiamantopolous, otherwise Jean Moréas.

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By JULIAN STREET

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The Phoenix Nest

THE American edition of *E. M. Forster's* "A Passage to India" is now said to have sold over forty thousand copies, —and we find introductory and terminal notes by Forster embellishing another book that has never appeared before outside India. This volume is "Original Letters From India (1779-1815), by the gallant *Mrs. Eliza Fay*, describing her experiences in the near East in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. It was first printed in Calcutta in 1817 and the delightful original title-page graces the present edition. * * * A strange individual must be *Eugene Arnett* of "Arnett Acres" in Oklahoma City. His secretary has written us that "nearly ninety per cent of the nine thousand 'leaders' who have had the OPPORTUNITY have signed the enclosed." (The "enclosed" being "designed to separate the sound from the unsound.") But "before printing a million" they want our opinion. * * * Hence we were naturally curious as to the nature of "the enclosed." It turned out to read as follows, with lines for appending one's name and address:

The Creed of CHRISTIAN Citizenship

I—I believe in Christian Character—founded on a fundamental faith (1) in the Creator of natural law, (2) in the Christ, (3) in the Bible conception of immortality.

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III—I believe in the Christian Constitution—the fundamental principles of constitutional government upon which this Republic was founded; and in support thereof I herewith pledge by life, my fortune and my sacred honor.

* * * Pledging one's "life and fortune and sacred honor" to Mr. Arnett seems to us an ambitious enterprise—or what have you? And what on earth is the object of all this? Is it another sortie of the Fundamentalists? * * * Along with the above came a slip on which was written the title of a book by ourselves with blank lines left for the name of the publisher and the price. This was evidently to be returned to Mr. Arnett. Why? So that Mr. Arnett might examine the book as to its Christian Conscience? Oh well, human beings evolve all sorts of new ways for wasting their time! * * * A group for the study of the arts of the stage has been formed in association with The New School of Social Research. * * * And we refer Mr. Arnett to a book to be published in the Fall, "The New Age of Faith," by *J. Langdon-Davies*, the English scientist who has for the past year been lecturing throughout this country. With many popular scientists the author is in complete disagreement, but he has also contributed frequent articles to *The New Republic*, so that we somehow feel that Mr. Arnett won't like him. * * * Even more spectacular than D. H. Lawrence is Colonel *Thomas E. Lawrence*, and shortly before Christmas a book will appear describing his experiences in Arabia in the War. But hold on! There will be very few copies. Only one hundred will be printed in England and less than fifty in the United States (Doubleday). Of the copies made in America, at that, not all will be available for sale. * * * The book will be called, "The Seven Pillars—Mr. Thomas Lawrence's experiences in Arabia during the war in 1917 and 1918." * * * *H. J. Griffith* of Duluth has sent us a take-off of the advertising of *James Boyd's* "Drums." His best line is, anent an hypothetical author named *"Mug" McMurchie*,

Five years ago Pinkerton's said, "Watch Mug McMurchie when he comes out." Their prophecy has been magnificently fulfilled.

* * * Yet all advertising is necessarily band-wagon stuff, and we believe that Mr. Griffith could better improve the shining hour if he sat down and read Boyd's book instead of fretting about the good set terms of its publicity. * * * *David Morton* has compiled "Amherst Undergraduate Verse," an attractive small volume with a sensible and graceful introduction by the compiler. * * * We thank *Power Dalton* for an amusing verse and picture, inspired by *Herbert Gorman's* plea for us to print his pome. It seems that Power has a pome also that we should have and haven't printed yet. But patience! * * * *Alexander Harvey* has sent us seven little *Haldeman-Julius* blue books containing his translations of the plays of *Aristophanes;* and we are glad to see that *Arthur Davison Ficke's* "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" is now available in this same series. * * * Haldeman-Julius knows how to choose modern writers! * * * "*Anatole France* Himself" is a Boswellian record of the great French writer. It is full of amusing anecdote and gives quite a vivid picture of life at the Villa Saïd. * * * We have been taking stock of several books of exhortation, "Fightin' Through," by the famous *Nellie Revell, Williams* and *Hoag's* "Rest and Grow Strong," and *Raymond Leslie Goldman's* "Stay Young." * * * We always open books in the innocent belief that we are going to find something in them that will remake our whole philosophy of life. * * * But we keep on having just as many bills and worrying about them just as much! * * * When *Maxfield Parrish* saw *Louise Saunders's* "The Knave of Hearts" produced by amateurs at Windsor, Vermont, he was so interested in its pictorial possibilities that he asked to be allowed to illustrate it when it appeared in book-form. * * * He has now completed the illustrations and the long-awaited edition of this charming play will appear around Christmas time most beautifully interpreted in full page color, with page headings, lining paper designs, and cover inlay all by Mr. Parrish. * * * *Esther Singleton* has been appointed editor of *The Criterion, A Journal for Connoisseurs*, which will be published monthly by Payson & Clarks, Ltd., beginning in the Fall. * * * An anthology of contemporary Californian poets, edited, with introductions, by *George Sterling, Genevieve Taggard* and *James Rorty*, gives the first adequate presentation of the broad field of contemporary Californian poetry. The volume has been printed by *John Henry Nash*, is called "Continent's End," and the sale of five hundred copies will be limited to members of The Book Club of California. * * * The edition is limited to 600 numbered copies, 100 of which are for presentation to contributors. * * * We wonder, though, whether an edition the general public could buy might not also have a sale? * * * We felicitate *Vachel Lindsay* upon his recent marriage, and we hope he composed his own Prothalamium and Epithalamium! * * * *Sinclair Lewis* is going out to look Sauk Centre over again, and then may settle for the summer in Connecticut or some other outlying section near New York. * * * *Deems Taylor's* house in the country is getting along real well, according to blueprints Deems-drawn. Really, it's going to look swell! * * * *Donald Ogden Stuart* sailed for Yurrup in a whirl of dust; we pledged him a parting stirrup-cup ere he leapt aboard the lugger. * * * His new book, "The Crazy Fool," is as funny as they come. * * * Funnier. * * * Now classmates, leave us here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn. Go on to your reunions; we've got to go home and cut the grass.

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